

# The Sketch

No. 1043.—Vol. LXXXI.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1913,

SIXPENCE.



MME. LA PRÉSIDENTE: MME. RAYMOND POINCARÉ, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT  
OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Mme. Poincaré, wife of the President-Elect of the French Republic, who will take up office on Feb. 18, at the end of M. Fallières' term, is of Italian origin. Before her marriage, she was known as Mlle. Henriette Benucci, famous in Parisian society for her beauty. She is a hostess of much charm and tact. Her husband has a château, Le Clos, at Sampigny, in the Meuse Department.—*Photograph by Electra.*





# MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

## Poor "Young M.P."

A heartrending article appears in one of my daily papers from the pen of "A Young M.P." "Another Shattered Illusion" is the sub-heading to the article, which is entitled, "Parliament as a Career." The whole screed, from top to bottom and from side to side, is one of the saddest things I ever read in my life. Even the "cross-heads" move one to tears: "Difficulties of Promotion"; "The Official 'Ring'"; "The Spirit of Discontent"; "Not Wanted in the Firing Line."

Think of it, friend the reader. You and I, humble people both, have always thought and gazed with awe on any Member of Parliament. We have looked upon him with awe because, in the first place, he represented a large mass of his enfranchised fellow-countrymen, and had been sent by them to the House of Commons because he was obviously the ablest and the sincerest person in the neighbourhood. We looked upon him with awe because he could stroll into the House whenever he liked, and loll on the historic benches and listen, free of charge, to the eloquent harangues of the even greater ones. We looked upon him with awe because he could take tea on the Terrace, and could sometimes dine at the next table to Mr. Winston Churchill, and could pass one in to the Strangers' Gallery, and could sit up all night without losing his reputation, and could not be imprisoned for debt.

Is it not dreadful, then, that we should suddenly be confronted with those awful words, "Another Shattered Illusion"?

## The Awful Problem.

Hear our lachrymose young friend.

"The problem that faces every one of us is how to gain promotion from the ranks."

That, you see, is the problem that faces him. We, in our desperate ignorance, had thought that Members of Parliament were faced by the problem—how to benefit the country at large and then the constituency which they represent. But this, it seems, is not the case. They want to get on! They want to become members of the Government! They want to get into the Cabinet! And what then? Well, then, I suppose, they all want to be Prime Ministers. This puts a very different complexion on the whole matter. We see, in a flash, that the life of a Member of Parliament must be a harassing and a heart-breaking and a dirge-like affair.

"This"—the business of promotion—"is as difficult as it is in the Regular Army. . . . If he tries to march instead of marking time he finds himself contending against unequal conditions." Well, that is not so difficult to understand. In the Regular Army, to employ his own analogy, you must not try to march whilst the rest of the company or the column or the battalion is marking time. If you do, you will certainly find yourself "contending against unequal conditions." In point of fact, you will probably find yourself in disgrace, to begin with, and then in the cells. No, "Young M.P." However great the temptation, never attempt to march when the order has been given to mark time.

## Nothing to Say!

But there is another and a deeper grievance. Members of Parliament are supposed to make speeches, yet, if you can believe it, our young friend finds the utmost difficulty in making a speech.

"Perhaps he has something to say and takes his chance with the crowd. First of all, he is up against the conventions of the House. There are four, if not five, parties in the House at the moment. At least four of them are entitled to take part in the debate in rotation. These four speakers cream the milk of the subject, so that, should he ultimately 'get in,' he is set a harder task in making his speech."

## Gentle Burgling at Birmingham.

Birmingham has long been the home of originality combined with true courtesy. I am glad to find that the character of this great and wonderful city is being maintained even by her burglars. The Birmingham burglar, it seems, has discovered a new way of going to work. He does not force his way into private dwelling-houses at dead of night, thereby running the risk of breaking Auntie's photograph or treading on the household poodle. He does not lie on his chest for hour after hour under the beds of complete strangers, thereby running the risk of catching a severe cold and getting himself clogged up with fluffy dust. Those old-fashioned methods are no longer good enough for the Birmingham burglar. They may still do for his brethren in Manchester, but Birmingham must lead the way.

This is what he does. To begin with, he waits until the house is unoccupied. That simple plan saves both himself and the owners of the house much trouble and unnecessary alarm. He then walks up the steps and rings the bell. Since there is nobody in the house, the ring, one need scarcely point out, remains unanswered. The Birmingham burglar betrays no annoyance. He just twirls his stick, and looks at the house opposite, and looks at his boots, and looks at the sky, even as you and I. After the correct pause, he rings again, at the same time deftly forcing open the door. Ha! The door opens! "Good afternoon!" he cries, raises his hat in the politest possible manner, walks in, and closes the door. Take note, O Manchester! It is not the "what" that stamps you, but the "how."

## "Mr. Scott's Bell!"

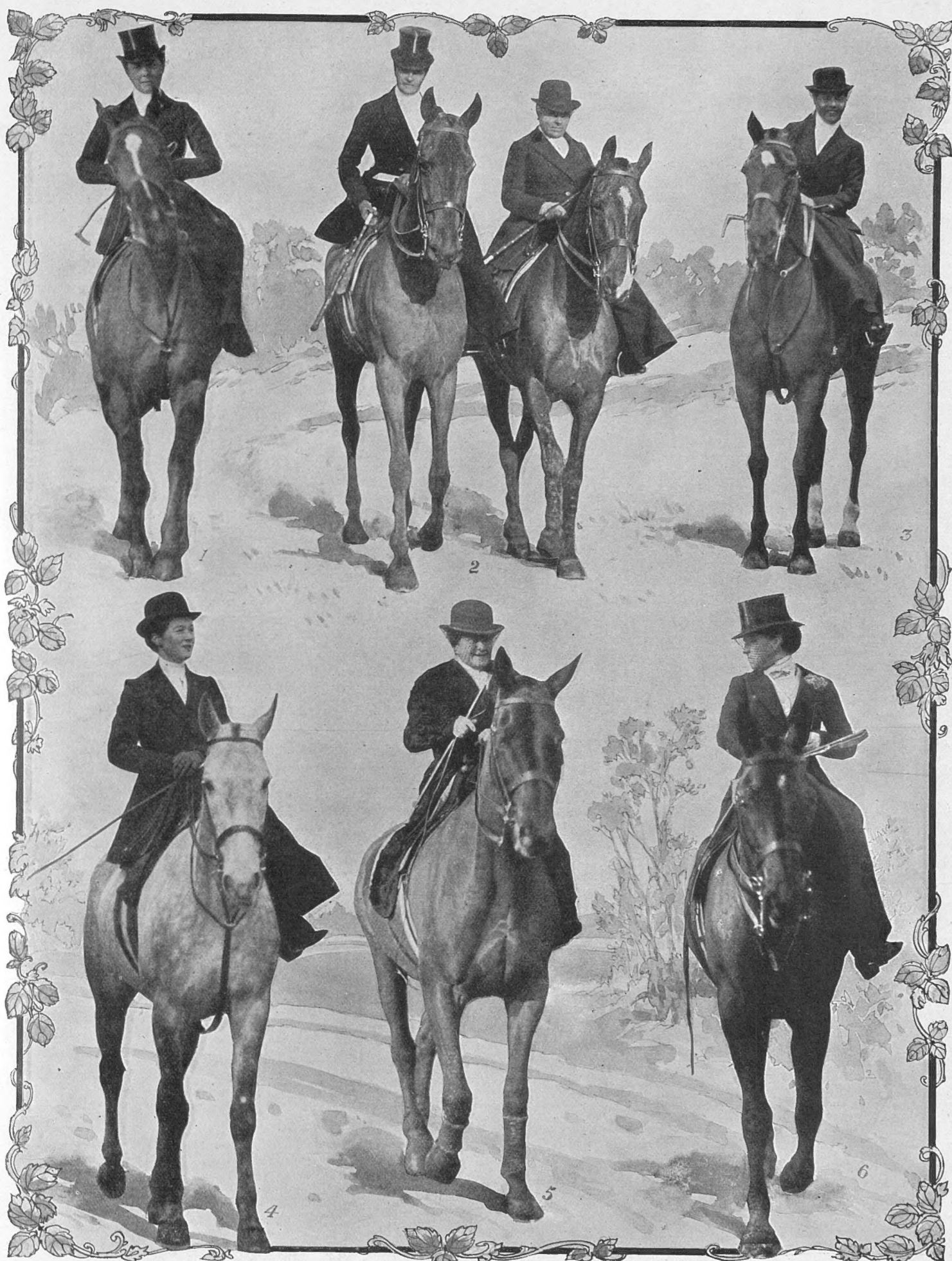
A pretty story comes from Chester. A Mr. David Scott, having been an inmate of the workhouse, according to my daily paper, for nine years, has naturally become much attached to the old home. Unfortunately, somebody has left him the sum of one thousand pounds, and it looked rather serious for David. Certain nasty ratepayers would be sure to object to a person living at their expense who had a thousand pounds to his credit. It looked as though David would have to go.

But no. A way out has been found. The Chester guardians are humane men, and they realise that David is happier in the workhouse than he would be elsewhere. So David is to remain and pay for his board.

I commend the little story to Mr. Albert Chevalier. It should form a charming companion-play to that masterpiece of humour, "The House." I can see dear old David having a glorious time in his private suite! How eagerly the attendants will run to answer the bell! What tit-bits on Mr. Scott's plate! And what attentions from the other inmates, the potential legatees! . . . Yes. Like everything else, there is a plan in it.



## DIANAS OF THE DAY: LADIES FAMOUS IN THE HUNTING FIELD.



1. MRS. MUIR, WIFE OF MAJOR MUIR,  
OF KIRKLEY HALL.

4. LADY CICELY PIERREPONT, DAUGHTER  
OF EARL MANVERS.

2. LADY AUGUSTA FANE, SISTER OF THE EARL  
OF STRADBROKE, AND MISS MUIR.

5. MRS. MACKEY THE WELL-KNOWN  
AMERICAN.

3. THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

6. MRS. CRAWFORD, WIFE OF MR. J. S.  
CRAWFORD, OF THORPE SATCH-  
VILLE HALL.

Lady Augusta Fane, who is the eldest of the Earl of Stradbroke's three sisters, was born in 1858. In 1880, she married Cecil Francis William Fane, formerly of the Grenadier Guards.—Before her marriage, in 1889, the Duchess of Newcastle was known as Miss Kathleen Florence May Candy, daughter of the late Major Henry Augustus Candy.—Lady Cicely Pierrepont, eldest of Earl Manvers' three daughters, was born in 1886.—[Photographs by Howard and Barrett.]



## FREAKISH DRESS: THE VERY HIGH HEEL AND HIGH CLOTH-TOP.



1. and 2. WHY FASHIONABLE BEAUTY HAS TO WALK ON HER TOES:  
THE VERY HIGH-HEELED SHOES OF TO-DAY.

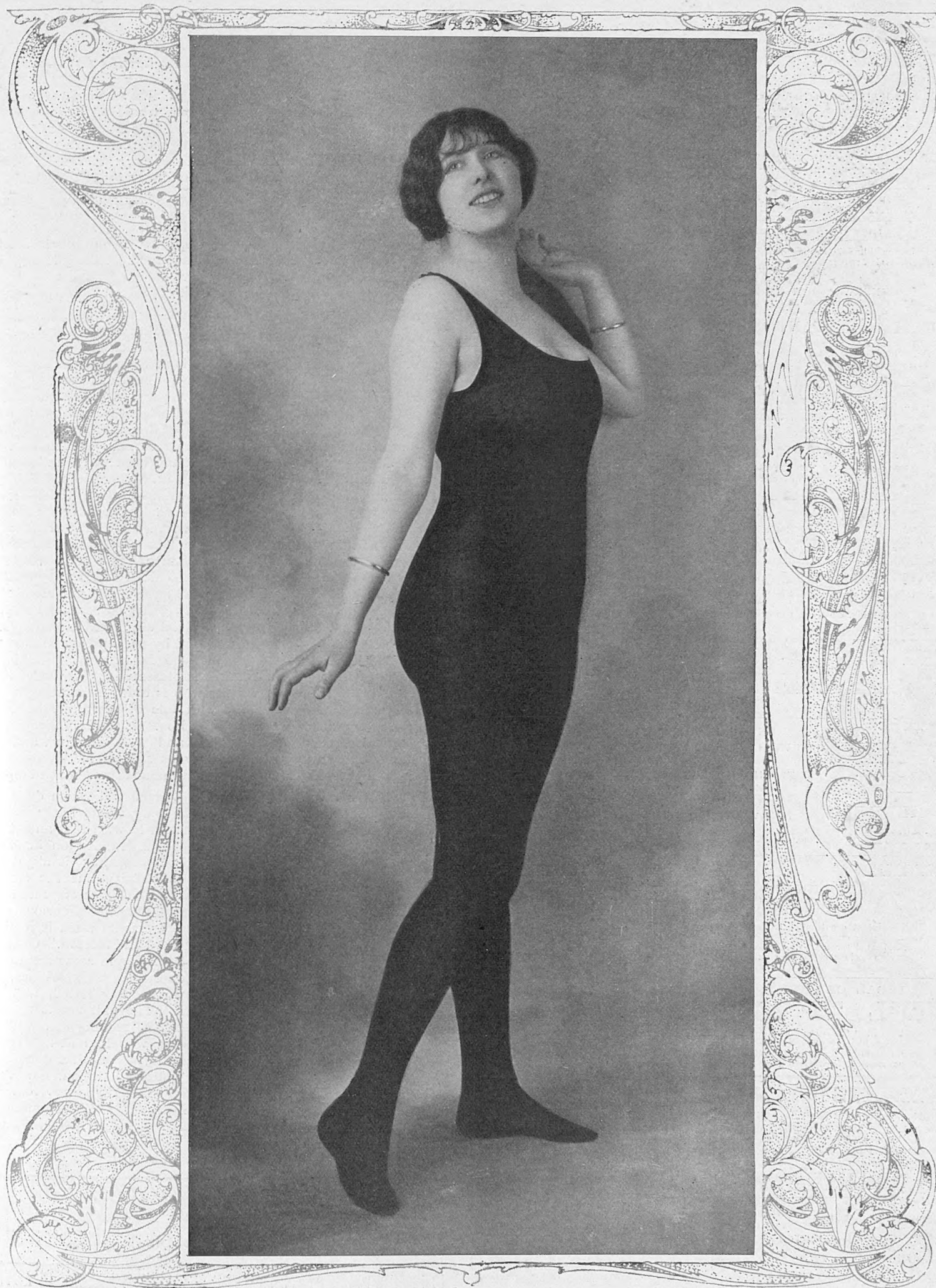
3. and 4. FOR THOSE WHO FAVOUR THE SPAT EFFECT: BOOTS  
WITH HIGH CLOTH-TOPS.

Exceedingly high heels are now the vogue, although they make it necessary for those wearing shoes fitted with them to walk very much on the toes. Even more favoured are the boots whose cloth tops suggest the wearing of spats.

*Photographs by Talbot.*



## FREAKISH DRESS: THE USURPER OF THE PETTI KINGDOM.



VERY LIKE THE REGULATION UNIVERSITY SWIMMING-COSTUME, WITH STOCKINGS ATTACHED:  
THE NEW "DESSOUS" FOR WEAR, WITH THE TIGHT SKIRT.

Obviously, the tightening of the skirt has meant practically the abolition of the petticoat as far as fashion-following woman is concerned, and the "little mice" have a good deal less from which to peep out than they had in the days of our mothers and grandmothers. The modern under-dress is apt, indeed, to take the simple form here illustrated, and bears close resemblance to the regulation university swimming-costume. It is in black silk.—[*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*]



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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

ONCE more "John Bull's Other Island" has got into the evening bill, ousting, for some reason, Mr. John Galsworthy's admirable drama, "The Eldest Son," the removal of which seems a mystery, for it is said to have been doing good business during the last week of its brief career. The Shaw play has never enjoyed a long run in London; but the little ones have been so many that the total number of performances must be quite big. Two of the present cast have been in almost all of them—Mr. Louis Calvert, the perfect and irreplaceable Broadbent, whose acting in the part is a cherished memory of the critics, and Miss Ellen O'Malley, absolutely fascinating as the Nora. These characters are real enough to make one think of them as human beings, and utter gloomy prophecies as to the wedded life of the ill-matched pair. They are not the only characters admirably drawn and finely acted. What more can you ask than the Larry Doyle of Mr. Ben Webster, the Keegan of Mr. William Poel, and the Father Dempsey of Mr. Beveridge? And what about the Barney Doran of Mr. Blake Adams? And about the—but, after all, the best thing is to go and see the play for yourself at the Kingsway.

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" is the clumsy name of a rather clever new American farce by Mr. Cohan—a work which, like many others from the same great country, takes itself somewhat too seriously, and actually lasts from eight till the closing of the theatre. What a lack of simple wisdom there is in the theatre. Everybody knows that in most matters an ounce too much is more dangerous than a pound too little, and yet we have people with a rather slender plot dragging it out into four acts, with, necessarily, a good deal of padding. "What does not help, hinders," is a true proposition in relation to drama, and everything else. Perhaps by the time this is printed the great blue pencil will have been busy, and also the performers will have been screwed up to a higher pitch. The piece has a funny idea, and but for the common belief in the theatres that there must be a bit of sentiment—wholesome, holy sentiment—in a play, it might have ended with a triumphant bang at the end of the third act. When we found the "crooks" in the odour of sanctity and tons of dollars in the fourth, some of us wanted to kick, and none the less because of an official statement circulated with the programme, telling us that the farce is a highly moral work. Fancy that! fancy being tickled into going to see a farce about some successful "crooks" by the official statement that it is very moral! You can draw us more easily by saying that Miss Madge Fabian is delightful as the heroine who falls in love with the unscrupulous Wallingford, and that he is presented by Mr. Hale Hamilton, a very clever American actor who is quite a diverting person, full of quaint mannerisms, but with lots of life and swing. Mr. Julian Royce plays very well up to him. Miss Mary Brough and Miss Simeta Marsden acted cleverly, and were amusing, and Miss May Leslie Stuart played pleasantly as an ingénue. After all, a good deal of the piece is quite good fun, and caused much laughter.

"Billy's Fortune" is based upon a stage will which deals with much larger sums of money than the play seems likely to earn. There are moments when one feels inclined to wish that an act were passed forbidding the production of plays founded on impossible wills. Mr. Roy Horniman's piece is born too late: it might have amused the young people during the holidays, but the ordinary London playgoer is too sophisticated for its elementary mechanical fun, and also for its simple sentiment. There is a curious air of antiquity about it; indeed, there were moments when it reminded me of the immortal unendurable "Sandford and Merton." Of course, there are people who like this kind of thing, and some members of the audience laughed a great deal when the wicked guardians, from motives of cupidity, toadied Billy, whom they hated, and were ridiculed and punished for their pains. The first act is the best, for it is easy to get comic effects from the reading of a will to a number of greedy, undeserving relatives, who find themselves out in the cold, though, so far as I am aware, no one has done better in this way than Bulwer Lytton in "Money," which, however, is no suggestion that that famous play should be revived. The players did their best for "Billy's Fortune"; Billy himself was well represented by Master Johnnie Brown; Messrs. Rudge Harding and O. B. Clarence worked admirably as two comic guardians; and a word of praise is due to Miss Gladys Mason.

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A POWDER-MAGAZINE THAT A SPARK MAY EXPLODE: GERMANY'S FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.

#### Anglo-German Tension.

Ten days in the Kaiser's capital have assured me that, if we in England think that the German ship-building programme is a menace to Great Britain, the Germans, on their part, think that we have an aggressive policy directed against them. Every German with friendly feelings towards us with whom I have talked has told me this same thing, and so have the foreigners resident in Berlin, who, taking the part of neither nation, watch what is happening. Such another incident as the Agadir one would mean war, I am told, and I fully believe that this would be so. When I have talked of our reasons for preventing a great sea-power from establishing a sally-port commanding a great trade route, I am answered that my country considers that she alone has a right of way over every piece of water in the world. Rightly or wrongly, the Germans think that we have a policy deliberately to hinder them in all their world-politics, and this is a dangerous idea to be in the brain of a great nation, which does not want to fight, but which is prepared at every point, should the necessity for battle arise. I asked what Great Britain must do if she wishes to reassure Germany, and was always answered that, if my country did something to gratify German pride, such voluntary act would be accepted as a genuine peace-offering; but when I asked what definite act would bring this smoothing down of our relations, I got no answer except generalities; and a shrug of the shoulders was all that ever met my other question: why England should give Germany something for nothing. But so far as our country is concerned, Germany just now is a powder-magazine, and the smallest spark might bring about an explosion. Of course, at the present time there is no reason that the spark should be struck; but the danger is a real one.

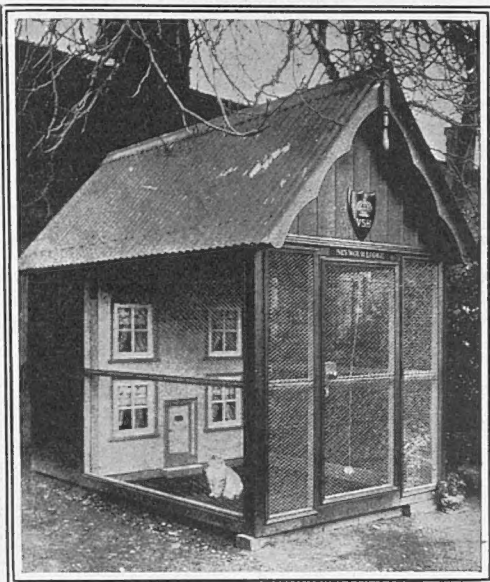
#### Berlin Street Terrors.

There is no capital in which the terrors of the pedestrian are so well justified as in Berlin, for the motor-cars—the taxicabs in particular—slow down for nobody. There is no slackening of speed on their part when they come to a crowded cross-roads; the driver sees his chance of cutting in amongst the other cars, and increases his pace as he makes the turn. It is the duty of anyone on foot to get out of his way, and he feels that when he has sounded his horn he has done all that can be expected of him to avoid an accident. The Berliners recognise that the road is the property of things on wheels, and generally get over a crossing by running. The police have orders to prevent anyone from crossing the road on foot at a slant, but he would be a bold man who would attempt to do so when there are any motors on it. One matter of politeness I learned from a fellow-countryman, and that is always to address a German policeman as Herr Wachtmeister, which is to give him the status of a cavalry sergeant. It is

wonderful how this little compliment softens the heart of the constable towards an Englishman who intends to ask questions.

#### A Historic Cross.

I am not too blasé to go sight-seeing wherever I may be, but I like to have the feeling that, having "done," at one time or another in my life, most of the sights of most of the capitals of Europe, there is no need for me to see them again, unless I choose to do so. There are a score of pictures by great masters in the National Picture Gallery at Berlin that I go to see whenever I pass through the city on a journey, just as I would go to see old friends. I know exactly where these pictures are in the galleries, and I do not tire my capacity for appreciation by looking at the other thousands of canvases, even though I thus miss masterpieces which are probably just as fine as those to which I make my pilgrimage. There are many attractive things to be seen in the Arsenal—the old uniforms of the Prussian army, and some fine pictures of great military events in the rise of the Prussian nation; but I found there on this occasion a little object which I had never noticed before, but which has, it seemed to me, a quite pathetic interest. It is the little Cross of the Legion of Honour which Napoleon had with him at Waterloo, with which to decorate on the spot any officer who might distinguish himself greatly on the field of battle. This cross was never pinned on the breast of a hero. It was captured in Napoleon's carriage, as were all his grand crosses of the great orders of Europe and their ribbons, which are on view in a glass case in the arsenal. Napoleon's hat is in the same case as the orders are. I have seen it painted a thousand times in pictures, and have seen its counterpart hundreds of times on the stage, but neither painters nor costumiers ever make it as large as it really is. It must have been given its unusual height to add an inch or two of stature to the great little man who wore it.



HOW A PRINCESS'S CATS ARE HOUSED: SEYMOUR LODGE, A CAT-HOUSE BELONGING TO PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein has just taken up again her hobby of breeding cats for show purposes. The photograph given above was taken at Cumberland Lodge. Her Highness, who is the elder daughter of Princess Christian, was born on the 3rd of May, 1870. Her mother is, of course, an aunt of the King.—[Photograph by G.N.]



THE SEVEN GODS OF LUCK IN A BOAT: GEISHAS AS DEITIES OF FORTUNE.

According to Chinese tradition, there once lived seven gods of luck. To these deities many merchants and tradesmen offer prayers daily, that they may be successful in their commercial undertakings. The photograph shows seven geishas, each representing one of these gods, in a tableau vivant.

#### The Social Hub of Berlin.

The centre of social life in Berlin seems to be moving steadily west, and I fancy that the rates in the bigger municipality have a good deal to say to this. Most of the well-to-do people whose day's work lies in Berlin live in Charlottenburg or one of the other outlying towns. The newest big hotels are all some distance away from the business centre, and when I asked which are the fashionable afternoon tea establishments, I was told to go to one of two big tea-rooms and confectioners' near the Memorial Church and the Zoological Gardens.

What is happening in Berlin has happened in New York, and may happen to greater London, as it has happened to the City of London—that men prefer to live in better houses away from the hub of business life, rather than pay a great deal for little accommodation near the working centre.





"SHOW me another man who can afford to dress so badly!" challenged a Duke famous for threadbare shoulders, and even a patch! Lord Londonderry takes the same sort of stand by Londonderry House. Even the 'bus-conductors, who used bitterly to resent the blot upon the fair scene, are beginning to enter into the spirit of the thing. "Quite all right inside, they tell me," explained one to an inquisitive fare. The balcony at present sheds fragments of dry and broken paint when the motors thunder near by; and for the last few weeks the neighbouring houses have been decked with scaffolding and ladders. But their rejuvenation



FEEDING SWANS IN HYDE PARK: LADY ROSAMOND BUTLER, ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF CARRICK. Lady Rosamond was born in 1899.—[Photograph by C.N.]

campaigner and one of the breeziest of sportsmen, he has had no little experience of casualties. He succeeded to the Mastership of the Pytchley after the tragic death of Lord Chesham in the field. If the nerve of the Hunt wanted a little steadying after that event, Lord Annaly's well-known way with fences was calculated sufficiently to inspire the field.

*Addresses.* Number One, Portman Square, which ranks among the largest houses in London, is sold to Mr. Guy Wilson, M.P. A son of the late, and brother of the present, Lord Nunburnholme, he



STARTING ON A RECORD RUN: CAPTAIN T. J. WEBB-BOWEN.

Captain Webb-Bowen recently set up a new tobogganing record on the Cresta Run, coming down from Stream Corner in 29 3/5 seconds.

*Photograph by L.N.A.*

does not force Lord Londonderry's hand. He can afford to forego costly contracts with the decorators. On Tuesday Lady Londonderry held a meeting of the London Council of the Royal Irish Industries Association; and things went none the worse because the exterior has a look of dun-coloured Dublin.

*An Emergency Man.* Lord Annaly

is the right man for an emergency. When motoring the other day not far from Holdenby House, he came upon a tangle of wrecked cars and four wounded men. He did not stop to undo the tangle, which proved to be a two-hours task; but he was invaluable among the wounded. As an old Egyptian



THE FEMININE CANDIDATE FOR THE FRENCH PRESIDENCY: MLE. MARIE DÉNIZARD.

*Photograph by Desmarest.*



MISS HELEN C. WEBB, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MAJOR H. T. SAWYER WAS FIXED FOR JAN. 21.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*

With regard to the first of these two photographs, it should be said that Mlle. Marie Dénizard offered herself as a candidate for the Presidency of the French Republic. Her programme, according to the "Daily Telegraph," was: "The women of France, widows, unmarried, and divorced, should be electors, and eligible in all the assemblies of the Republic, with the same titles and on the same terms as the men. They have a right by reason of their 4,000,000 votes, and the 25,000,000 francs in taxes which they pay, to occupy seventy seats in Parliament. Married women should be electors, and eligible in all assemblies of the Republic in the place and room of their husbands in the case of a definitely expressed wish on the part of the latter or a fortuitous absence through illness or any other cause."



AT MÜRREN: THE COUNTESS OF STRADBROKE AND VISCOUNT DUNWICH, HER ELDEST SON. Before her marriage, in 1898, the Countess was known as Miss Helena Fraser, daughter of the late Lieutenant-General James Keith Fraser. Viscount Dunwich was born in April 1903.—[Photograph by Ulyett.]

became by his first marriage a brother-in-law of the Duke of Marlborough. Last year he married Miss Avery Buxton; and he is besides a man of many sisters. Lady Chesterfield, Lady Cowley, Mrs. Guy Fairfax, and Mrs. Eric Chaplin will help at times to fill the immense drawing-room of No. 1. While he becomes a householder on so large a scale, his relative, Mr. Henry Chaplin, is an outcast. Stafford House has for some years been his address, but now the Athenæum finds him. Nothing less than Leverage, he says, would have forced him to the change. Mr. Chaplin is brother-in-law to the Duke of Sutherland. He married Lady Florence Leveson-Gower, who died in 1881.



THE M.F.H. AND CONSTABLE CASE: MR. CYRIL SELBY LOWNDES, MASTER OF THE BURSTOW (SURREY) FOXHOUNDS.

Some few days ago, Mr. Cyril Selby Lowndes, Master of the Burstow (Surrey) Foxhounds, was summoned for assaulting a police constable and obstructing him in the execution of his duty. The charge was that Mr. Lowndes prevented the constable making an arrest of a gentleman who was riding with Mr. Lowndes, and who, the constable alleged, was drunk. Mr. Lowndes's defence was that he thought the constable used too much violence to his friend, and, therefore, technically obstructed the officer from arresting him. To facilitate matters, Mr. Lowndes pleaded guilty to a technical obstruction, and, on the prosecution agreeing to withdraw the summons for assault, he was fined £2 and costs. The gentleman accused of being drunk has appealed to the Quarter Sessions.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL ALEXANDROVITCH, ONLY BROTHER OF THE TSAR—FOR BEING PERMITTED TO LIVE.

*Photograph by Boissonnas and Egger.*



MISS ANNA EVA FAY—FOR BEING A PSYCHIC TELEPATHIST AND ANSWERING UNSPOKEN QUESTIONS, AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

*Photograph by Sykes.*



SIR WILLIAM CODDINGTON, BT.—FOR GETTING ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-THREE.

*Photograph by Russell.*



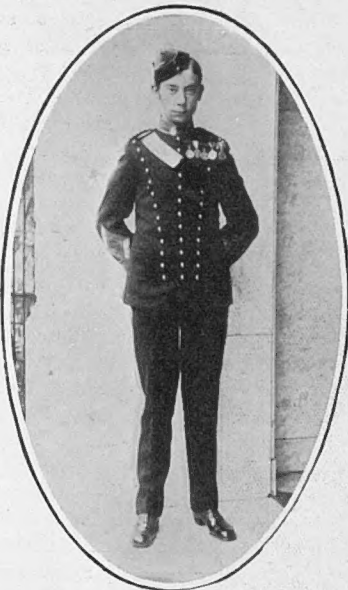
PRINCE ALBERT (X)—FOR BEING A "DEMOCRATIC" NAVAL CADET AND CRUISING TO THE CANARIES AND THE WEST INDIES.

*Photograph by C.N.*



LORD VICTOR PAGET AND HIS WIFE (MISS OLIVE MAY)—FOR GETTING MARRIED QUIETLY AND BEING ON THEIR HONEYMOON.

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*



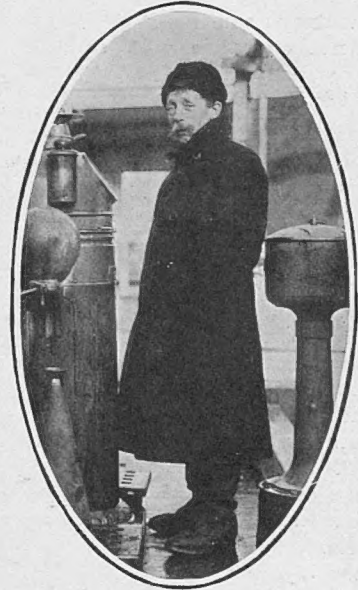
JAGGERS—FOR BECOMING COMMISSIONAIRE AT THE NEW GALLERY KINEMA.

*Photograph by L.N.A.*



THE CAT—FOR BEING THE MASCOT OF THE "SNOWDON RANGE," AND, DOUBTLESS, CAUSING HER TO BE BROUGHT SAFELY TO HARBOUR.

*Photograph by C.N.*



CAPTAIN DICKENSON, OF THE "SNOWDON RANGE," FOR HIS FINE WORK IN SAVING HIS SHIP.

*Photograph by C.N.*

It is reported that an imperial manifesto has been published relieving the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, the Tsar's only brother, and next in succession after the Tsarevitch, of the duties of Regent in the event of the death of the Tsar before the Tsarevitch has attained his majority. Moreover, the Grand Duke has been put under a guardianship order himself, and has forfeited his right to the throne. This because he has contracted a morganatic marriage with the divorced wife of an officer.—Miss Anna Eva Fay, called "The American Mystic," is appearing at the London Coliseum, and is described as a psychic telepathist. She answers written, but unspoken, questions.—Sir William Coddington, the first Baronet of an 1896 creation, is to marry Aimée Josephine, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. S. Barber-Starkey. Sir William was born on Dec. 12, 1830. His first wife, whom he married in 1864, died in 1911.—Naval Cadet Prince Albert, second son of the King, has joined the sea-going training-ship "Cumberland," with other cadets, for a six-months cruise to the Canary Islands and the West Indies.—Miss Olive May, or, to give her true name, Olive Mary Meatyard, was married the other day to Lord Victor Paget, only brother and heir-presumptive of the Marquess of Anglesey. Lady Victor Paget is twenty-seven, daughter of George Meatyard, jeweller. Lord Victor Paget is twenty-three, and a stockbroker. Lady Victor Paget has left the Gaiety.—Jaggers, perhaps the best known of district messenger boys, has now turned commissionaire, and is on duty at the New Gallery Kinema, opened recently by Sir George and Lady Alexander.—The Furness liner "Snowdon Range," given up for lost by the underwriters, was brought to safety in Queenstown Harbour the other day. Seaman Parsonage had a miraculous escape from being washed overboard. Much credit is due to Captain Dickenson.





"KILL THAT FLY"—OUR REVIEW OF REVUES.

"Kill That Fly." Apparently the revue is going to become a London institution. After several fitful efforts, it has now settled down in three houses at once, all music-halls, and doubtless, with such a firm beginning the movement will spread. The name of the thing will have to be changed, since the word "revue" is quite a shibboleth to British tongues, and after all, the term "review" is quite a satisfactory translation, and will give many a critic the joy of facetiously calling his article a "Review of Reviews." The Lord Chamberlain, acting with the consistent inconsistency which forms the settled policy of his weird and wonderful office, has blessed the institution, and relaxed in its favour the rule against personalities, and we find presented to us Sir Edward Carson—*eo nomine*—Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. McKenna, and counterfeits of them as close as make-up-contrivers' art could contrive; it was not very close, however. We have moved a little—only in the "halls"—since, in his clever work called "Press Cuttings," "G. B. S." had to use such names as Balsquith and Mitchener, whilst physical imitation of the originals was forbidden. That, of course, was in a real play by a real dramatist of world-wide reputation, whilst "Kill That Fly" is only a review, and one does not take Mr. George Grossmith quite seriously as a playwright. So you see the difference between allowing personalities in the one case and not in the other; and if you don't—I'll admit that I don't either.

Things Fortunately Undone.

After a, perhaps, unflattering reference to Mr. Grossmith, I should like to say something complimentary about his review. Certainly it has one great merit. We are not overdone with comicalities about some subjects of which everybody is tired. Suffragists, the Insurance Act—by-the-bye, "Lick that Stamp" must have been a very tempting title—the revolt of the doctors, the Balkan War, and Home Rule are left generously alone: for which relief, much thanks. It cannot be said, however, that the author has quite solved the problem of the review, which ought to be a work with some definite dramatic scheme connected with the *Compère and Comère*. That curious tendency towards chaos of the musico-dramatic works, that trend in the direction of mere variety entertainment which seems inherent in this class of piece, have caused change after change—all in the direction of rendering "Kill That Fly" a variety entertainment.

Variety Entertainment.

As a variety entertainment, one may say a good deal in favour of "Kill That Fly," after hinting that it is rather too long and that some pauses between the numbers would be acceptable, during which to have a peep

upstairs at the pretty ladies and stretch one's legs and get a glass of lime-juice. One could endure, without anguish, the sacrifice of several tableaux to make space. Quite a strong company has been engaged: the most successful member is Mr. McArdle, who possesses what theatrical people call "lift." He is really funny in a caricature of Mr. George Edwardes directing a rehearsal—of

course, I do not mean to say that Mr. George Edwardes is funny under the circumstances—indeed, I do not know; how should I? Mr. McArdle gives a good physical imitation and realises quite successfully the theatre traditions concerning the method of Mr. Edwardes and the interruptions of the rehearsal for this, that, or the other quaint reason. In this episode a clever little piece of mimicry is given by Miss Buck as Miss Gertie Millar. Mr. Lynch, boldly called Sir Edward Carson, delivers a speech that excites much laughter, but I detected no resemblance in him to the original. After all, the uncrowned King of Ulster is inimitable. Also Mr. Wright is really droll at times, and sings one comic song called "The Guy" with splendid energy. There is some capital dancing, partly by the ladies of the ballet and partly by the principals. For instance, Miss Mason dances very neatly as a mannequin in a costume which—but that is hardly the question; and two foreign ladies, Mme. Mossetti and Mme. de Lande, are fascinating in a tiny Eastern ballet, dancing against a scene supposed to make fun of the work of Mr. Gordon Craig—why it is supposed to do so is as much of a mystery to me as some

of the teachings of that insufficiently appreciated genius. Which was Mossetti and which de Lande I could not guess, so I am forced to love both impartially and passionately. Miss Maxwell is quite charming in several numbers. A note of "blugginess" and gloom is cleverly introduced to give an effect of contrast. It

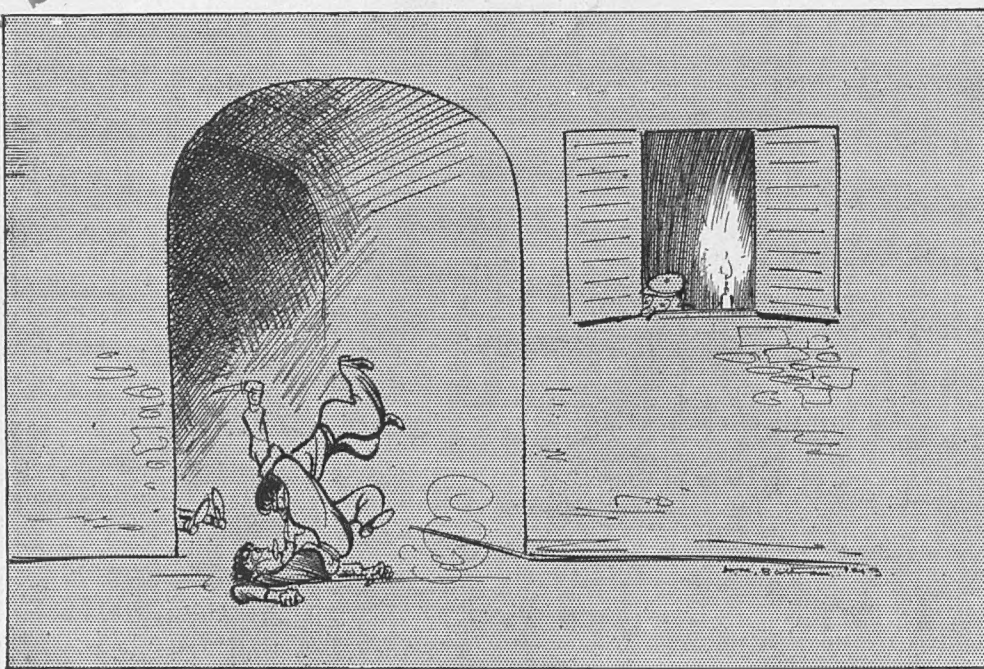
consists of a tableau called "Montmartre," and presents the murder of a quiet citizen by an Apache, and then a dreadful fight with knives over the spoils: the thing is handled cleverly and realistically, though the fight is a bit too long. My knowledge of Montmartre—once "extensive and peculiar"—does not lead me to believe that the district very often offers such an entertainment to visitors to the place so commonly called "Gay Paree"—with an incorrect accent on the "ee." Probably I ought to talk individually of lots of other things in the reviews; but why not spare space and recommend you to go and see it

for yourself, and advise the management—very officiously—to cut it a bit shorter? The quality would be much higher if the quantity were less; and it may be hinted that some of the tableaux, such as "The Tournay," have grown out of date.—E. F. S. (MONOCLE).



PORTRAIT OF "MONOCLE" LOOKING FOR A FLY—NOT TO KILL, BUT TO RIDE IN, THE TAXIS BEING ON STRIKE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



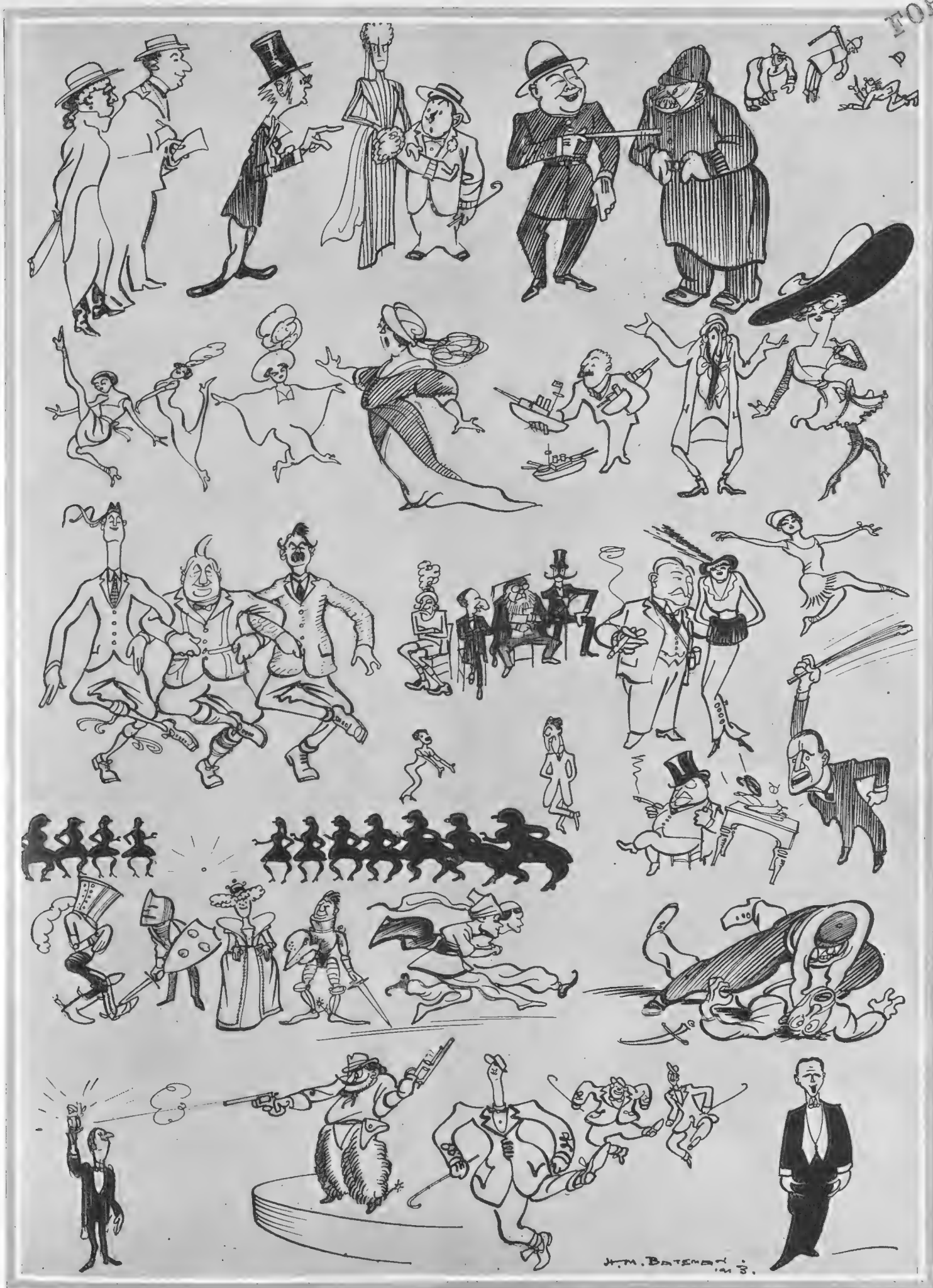
IN "KILL THAT FLY": "THE MAN AT THE WINDOW"—"PATIENCE, LITTLE ONE."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: THE REVUE AT THE NEW ALHAMBRA.

FOR SALE.



"KILL THAT FLY!" CARICATURES BY H. M. BATEMAN.

"Kill that Fly!" is running merrily at the new Alhambra, and is constantly being brought up to date. It is by Mr. George Grossmith, with lyrics by Mr. Robert C. Tharp, and with music arranged and composed by Mr. Melville J. Gideon.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.





### THE MARCHIONESS OF RIPON.

WITH the Opera season Lady Ripon comes to town. Paris or Coombe Court or Studley Royal must give her up on the date decreed by Mr. Higgins and his committee. For years Box B has been hers. And if Covent Garden emulated Mr. Hammerstein, and put the carved face of a presiding genius above its portals, it would perforce be hers. Hers are features fit for a Sargent of the chisel—the Roman nose, the symmetrical brows, the sculptural carriage of a noble head. But Lord Ripon (an Oliver by name, with a twist of Cromwell, from whom he is descended, lurking somewhere in his expression) knows too much about ancient art, and thinks too little of modern, to hope for a just rendering. Rodin needs something more of the coldness of the fifth century B.C. to match her majesty, and smaller sculptors are all too small to do her justice.

"Now Look, Gladys," My own first memory of her takes me to Lady Butler's studio, when "Balaclava," newly painted, was on the easel. Lady

Herbert of Lea was speaking; "Now look, ladies," I thought she said, and I wondered at the tone and phrase of a lecturer in such surroundings. But the sentence proved to be "Now look, Gladys," and the audience a splendid, but not too attentive, daughter. Of the many things that Lady Herbert of Lea had to say, in studios and out, some may have been passed over: the daughter did not join the Church of Rome. Nor did Lord Ripon, whose father was no less a devotee of Rome. Those parents, at any rate, had the consolation of comparing notes.

**A Dinner.** Though she has dined oftener at her favourite hotels than any other woman who has so well kept her figure, Lady Ripon, if asked to name the most interesting table at which she ever sat, will name at once a private house, even 19, Curzon Street, during the short tenancy of Lord Beaconsfield. It was the only party he gave there—his first and his last. Nobody knew better than he how to choose his guests. "A little dinner," he once said, "with all the guests clever, and some pretty, offers human nature under very favourable circumstances." "Pretti-ness"—but that is too trivial a term—was present at his board that night in the person of Lady Lonsdale, whose style of beauty was what he most of all admired. His great friend, Lady Chesterfield, was also there; so were Lords Granville and Spencer (not of his own politics, but "turtle makes all men brothers," he quoted from himself as the soup was served); the Duke and Duchess of

Sutherland, and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, as devoted as Lady Ripon herself to opera.

**A Matter of Sizes.** Some people complain that the Ritz and the Carlton, like St. Peter's in Rome, are too big for man, the unit of the world. "I feel like a pigmy eating pigmy cutlets," says a connoisseur, who perhaps could also confess that his prayers in St. Peter's are much too brief to be in

proportion with the interminable basilica. Lady Ripon sets everything in scale; she has the splendid presence, and the inches: she is never dwarfed. Yet, for all that, the house she has chosen for her own in London is hardly bigger than Box B at Covent Garden.

14, North Street.

14, North Street, Westminster, is a cottage. Even Lord Ripon, whose stature is calculated to emphasise his wife's height, involuntarily ducks his head at the door, or keeps an eye upon the lintel. And Queen Alexandra's coachman knows the street as the tightest place he has ever been asked to turn in. Its great claim upon its tenants is that it is beautiful, and that beautiful things look well there. Lord Ripon is a man of taste; he

has the *flair* for collecting, and Lady Ripon's tiny headquarters in London are full of good things. He was a musician and a collector long before he married, so that his treasures and his attendance at the Opera count for more than the attributes of a docile husband. He sits out the "Ring" without a thought of dutifulness to the dominating interest of a wife, and at the Wallace Mr. MacColl has learned to marvel at his learning.

**Queen Alexandra's Own.** Between Queen Alexandra and Lady Ripon music is one of many bonds. When Queen

Alexandra desired the performance of "Samson and Delilah," Lady Ripon also desired the performance of that opera. The sympathetic current of approval, or distaste, between the Queen and her Lady was never cut. Nor was the little stream of people who carried opinions, or a *mot*, between the Royal Box, or the Royal 'Bus Box, and Lady Ripon's accustomed station. Everybody, from M. de Soveral to Paderewski, from Count Paul Mendorsdorff to her own composing brother-in-law, Sir Hubert Parry, has made an appearance by her side. With the return of the Russian Ballet there will be another guest-place in her box, for Lady Ripon then descends to the stalls, and a better view.

**Number One.** Both in the shooting-box and in Box B, the companionship of Lord Ripon was sought by Edward VII. But Lord Ripon would rather talk about Dresden china than shooting, a subject leading inevitably to his own feats. "One of the three best shots in England" is the first stage of any inquiry into his merits; "the best of the trio" the sequel.



THE MARQUESS OF  
RIPON.



THE MARCHIONESS OF RIPON.

Frederick Oliver Robinson, second Marquess of Ripon and a baronet, was born on Jan. 29, 1852, and succeeded in 1909. For six years he sat as M.P. (L) for Ripon. He is a Trustee of the Wallace Collection. In 1901 he was appointed Treasurer of the Household to Queen Alexandra. In 1885, he married Constance Gladys, widow of the fourth Earl of Lonsdale, and sister to the fourteenth Earl of Pembroke. The first Marquess held many offices, including those of Under-Secretary for War, Under-Secretary for India, Secretary for War, Secretary for India, President of Council of India, Viceroy of India, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Secretary for the Colonies.

Photographs by Lafayette.



## THE HOAX PLAY: "GENERAL JOHN REGAN," AT THE APOLLO.



1. HORACE P. BILLING (MR. HENRY WENMAN) TELLS THE BALLYMOYANS THAT GENERAL JOHN REGAN NEVER EXISTED.

2. MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AS DR. LUCIUS O'GRADY.

3. MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AS MARY ELLEN, THE SERVANT WHO IS PARADED AS GENERAL JOHN REGAN'S ONLY SURVIVING RELATIVE.

4. MR. LEONARD BOYNE AS TIMOTHY DOYLE, HOTEL-KEEPER.

To the sleepy Irish village of Ballymoy comes a hustling American tourist, who decides that the place wants waking up. In surprised tones he asks why the market-square has no statue of the local hero, General John Regan. He broaches this subject to a number of people, not one of whom has heard of the man. Then Dr. Lucius O'Grady, also attacked, pretends to know, and says that the setting-up of the statue has been discussed frequently and is but a matter of time. Thereupon, the American contributes to a fund for the memorial, as do a number of others in the town. In due course, and after much stirring-up of local interest and patriotism, a statue is erected in the market-place, and it is arranged that the Lord Lieutenant shall come to unveil it. At the last moment his Excellency sends an A.D.C. in his place, not to unveil, but to complain that he has been hoaxed; for, searching for material for a speech on General John Regan, he has been unable to find a trace of that worthy. Dr. O'Grady keeps up the bluff to the end, with the result that the American, admiring his tenacity and ingenuity, subsequently pays for a much-desired pier while confessing that he invented the General (who never existed) to give the Ballymoyans an interest in life and a chance to prove their business capacity.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]





## CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



TO MARRY MR. JOHN ARCHIBALD DON TO-DAY, JAN. 22: MISS VIOLET BRIDGES.

The wedding of Miss Bridges, of Ewell Court, Ewell, and Mr. John A. Don, of the Royal Horse Artillery, is to take place at St. Mary's, Ewell.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Peers who were made a few weeks later.

"Name and Address."

There are advantages in exclusion from the reference-books to set against the disadvantages; but these, as the year advances, are not negligible. By next November a January peer and his wife will have new friends, or, at least, an enlarged "Where-is-it?" By next November Sir George and Lady Sydenham Clarke, for instance, will be sought for in all the "peerages" under a name that does not exist, as far as Burke is concerned, until 1914. But the absence of a name and address is less inconvenient

THE King will hold an Investiture at Buckingham Palace on Feb. 6. Many of the persons named in the New Year's Honours List will then receive the insignia of their respective dignities. But even then the last touch is still wanting: they are not entered in the "Peerages" of 1913, for the obvious reason that those works go to press late in the year before their date. By speed in the choice of his new name Lord Whitburgh, who got his title not long before Christmas, figures in "Burke," and so has a year's start, in the literature of titles, over the

a single outing, be unconscious of his danger. To his friends of the other day he showed the spirit that they themselves would like to have among them. "If only your Majesty were not on the throne," said one of them, "then, indeed, we Republicans might have a lucky leader."

What Would the Queen Say? Although King Alfonso met the Republicans with a half-jesting sympathy, and showed them that he had a heart for all and any of the aspirations of his people, he did not give them the whole proof of his



TO MARRY MR. W. H. MILES ON JAN. 25: MISS LILLIAN WILLIAMS.

The wedding of Miss Lillian Williams, daughter of Sir Hartley Williams, and Mr. W. H. Miles, of Leigh Court, near Bristol, is to take place in Ceylon.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



SKI-RUNNING AT MÜRREN: THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD.

The Marquess of Stafford is the elder of the Duke of Sutherland's sons, and was born in 1888. In 1912 he married Lady Eileen Gwladys Butler, daughter of the Earl of Lanesborough. She was born in 1891

Photograph by Ulyett.

democratic inclinations. He drew the line at a song. But when an Irish friend was in Madrid not long ago his Majesty sang, with a brogue that would have passed muster with Lady Gregory, "The Wearin' o' the Green." And he took nothing less than delight in the very rebeldy of it!

Some sort of definite announcement as to the going of the King and Queen to Paris in the spring has been looked for with no little eagerness. Failing official word of the event, Parisians accept any likely clue. When the British Embassy was given into

the hands of builders and decorators, some short time ago, passers-by jumped to the conclusion that preparations were being made for the spring visit. But the premises of that argument were unsound; and so was the Embassy. Some of the walls were discovered to threaten collapse; the Ambassador moved into an hotel and the workmen took possession, but not, in the first place, because of the royal visit.

"Name, Name!" After a terrific crossing, Lord Murray of Elibank has reached the other side of the Atlantic, and is receiving a great welcome in the States. Although he can never again be described as *le Maître de la Banque d'Ely*, Lord Murray of Elibank finds he has not steered quite clear of misprints, or the haphazard reporter. New York, at the moment, is making many random shots at the correct thing; and when he reaches the reckless republics of the South he looks for a whole string of suggestive aliases.



MR. D. J. JARDINE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS HOWEY WAS FIXED FOR JAN. 21.

The wedding of Miss Howey and Mr. D. J. Jardine, of Richmond, Surrey, was fixed to take place in town. — [Photograph by Langflier.]

A Castle in Spain. The King of Spain, according to private tidings, came out of his interview with the leaders of the Spanish Republicans with flying colours. Most monarchs could hardly hope to do more in such a case than acquit themselves with dignity. King Alfonso never stops there. The Republican, or even the Anarchist, is a creature burdened with cares in calculations and formulas beside this splendidly impulsive ruler. The constant threats of the streets, with their innumerable ambushes, do nothing to spoil his buoyancy of manner, although he quite frankly admits that he can never, for



MISS H. M. HOWEY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. D. J. JARDINE WAS FIXED FOR JAN. 21.

Miss Howey is the daughter of Major J. E. W. Howey, of Cadogan Gardens.

Photograph by Langflier.

## SPORTING 'MIDST SNOW AND ICE: SOCIETY IN SWITZERLAND.



1. THE EARL OF LYTTON SKATING AT MÜRREN.

4. MRS. SYERS SKATING AT MÜRREN.

7. LORD LYTTON AND MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH SKATING AT MÜRREN.

2. THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD CURLING AT WENGEN.

5. THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER'S CHÂLET AT MÜRREN.

8. COUNT GLEICHEN MODELLING A BRITANNIA IN SNOW AT MÜRREN.

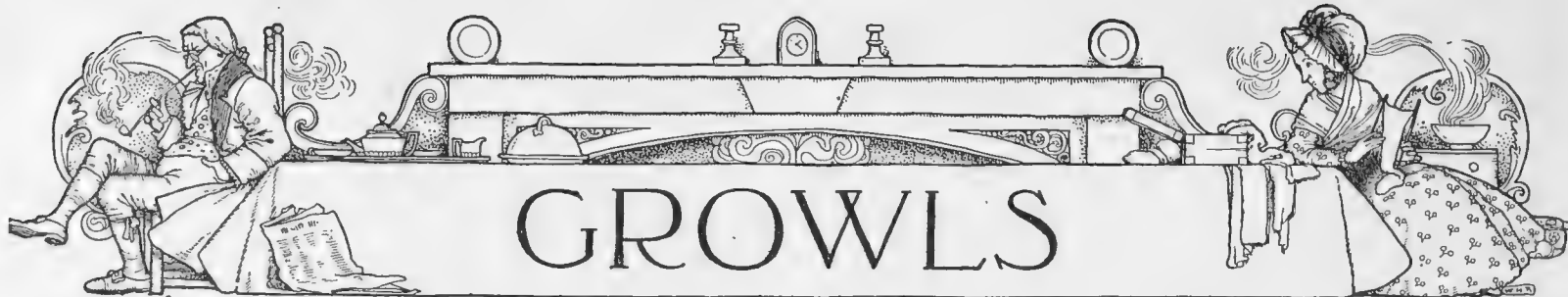
3. MR. EDGAR SYERS SKATING AT MÜRREN.

6. MISS E. ASQUITH SKI-RUNNING AT MÜRREN.

9. VISCOUNTESS BURY AND DR. LEMON SKATING AT MÜRREN.

Lord Lytton, the second Earl and a Baronet, was born in August 1876, and succeeded in 1891. The first Baron Lytton was the famous novelist, poet, orator, and statesman. The first Earl was the distinguished diplomatist and poet who was Viceroy of India from 1876 to 1880. In 1902, the present Earl married Miss Pamela Chichele-Plowden, daughter of the late Sir Trevor John Chichele Chichele-Plowden, K.C.S.I., of Ore, Sussex.—The Rt. Rev. John Percival, Bishop of Hereford, was born in 1834. In 1862, he married Louisa (d. 1896), daughter of James Holland; in 1899, he married Mary Georgina, daughter of the late Frederick Symonds, F.R.C.S. He has three sons and a daughter. He has held, amongst other positions, those of Assistant Master at Rugby, Headmaster of Clifton, President of Trinity College, Oxford, and Headmaster of Rugby.—Mr. and Mrs. Syers are famous the world over as skaters.—Brigadier-General Count Albert Edward Wilfried Gleichen was born in January 1863, son of the late Admiral Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg and Miss Laura Seymour. He is an Extra Equerry to the King. In 1910, he married the Hon. Sylvia Edwardes.—Viscountess Bury, wife of the Earl of Albemarle's eldest son, known before her marriage in 1909 as Lady Myer Carrington, is a daughter of the Marquess of Lincolnshire.—[Photographs by Ulllyett.]





THE HUSTLE OF HOSPITALITY: IN PRAISE OF THE PAST.

AS a perfectly peaceful person, I feel myself impelled to inquire why in the name of all that is merciful I should not be permitted some moments of pleasure allied with placidity. I do not aspire to lead what is called the Simple Life. I doubt very much whether I and the Simple Life would get on at all well together. I do not intend to babble of green fields or to put up a pretence of sighing for simplicity in all its branches. My instincts are wholly Metropolitan, and I am quite prepared to bear my share in all that appertains to a Metropolitan existence. But I do yearn for some hours for mental and moral recuperation, and these are denied to me. I would not for an instant put myself forward as an authority on home life—to my mind, a little of it goes a long way; but what I complain of is the modern tendency to refuse me even an occasional glimpse into it. The condition of things to-day is painfully different from that which obtained when I was in my prime, and especially do I observe a deterioration in my methods of spending my evenings. Rarely, if ever, nowadays, am I invited to dine in the homes of my married friends and spend a pleasant evening amid domesticated surroundings. To-day their attentions take the form of an invitation to dinner in some garish restaurant, to be followed by a visit to the play, and as often as not by supper at another restaurant. Whether their homes are not considered good enough for my fastidious taste, or I am not deemed respectable enough to be admitted into their discriminating households, I can never quite make out, but the fact remains that a radical change has taken place in the form of hospitality extended.

The Old Way. What tender recollections I cherish of the dear, dead dinner-parties of the past!

There were cooks in those days, and the dinner provided was comprehensive and carefully conceived. The conversation was desultory but decorous. For a while the men would sit over good wine, and then would "join the ladies." After a short interval of well-bred badinage the entertainment started upon its benevolent career, and oh! how soothing it was. The proceedings were usually inaugurated by the youngest lady present, who, after persistent pressure on the part of the hostess and determined diffidence on her own, finally consented to render a fantasia on the piano. This agreeable preliminary was always cheerfully accepted as proof positive that the young lady had been properly educated, but never gave rise to an insistent encore, and at its conclusion such others of us as were capable of "parlour-tricks," were prevailed upon one after the other to contribute our part to the programme. Plaintive ballads of the "Belle Mahone" type,

rollicking songs of the sea, after the pattern of "Nancy Lee," and even excerpts from the works of Corney Grain followed in dignified succession, and sometimes there was an instrumentalist present who had considerably brought his banjo or her zither. Now and again an arch recitation would supervene, in which vivacity would amply compensate for occasional lapses of memory. There was about the whole affair a refined absence of accomplishment, a dearth of assertive over-development that was vastly welcome and soothing to the senses. We were not pushful in that era, and each performer preluded his or her item with repeated assurances of incapacity, yielding in the end with an old-world grace which was as gratifying as it was expected, and each contribution was greeted with a gentle clapping of hands indicative of respectful appreciation which was never allowed to degenerate into enthusiasm. Our several répertoires did not permit of the evening being long drawn out, and at a reasonable hour we rose, and after a few well-chosen words of thanks to our hostess, we departed to our various places of abode.

A Way Out. There may, for all I know, be houses extant to-day in which this restful form of passing an evening is still to be met with, but, alas! their peaceful portals are never passed by me. It is mine, when my friends remember my existence, to be whirled through countless perils to a stereotyped menu orchestrated by a band of unbridled refugees from the Balkans, thence whirled at the risk of my life to some play which I have seen before, or which I hope never to see again, and thence to a wholly superfluous supper serenaded by further fiends in

uniform. Some unidentified sage in days gone by (who had he lived till now would probably have withdrawn his remark) laid it down that we should not look a gift horse in the mouth; but, while I am duly grateful for any hospitality shown to me, I cannot help feeling that I ought to have some say in the matter, and for the life of me I cannot see why, when I receive one of the exhaustive invitations, I should not be allowed to answer that, while I am free on the evening in question, I should prefer a more pacific form of entertainment. I do not want to be hustled hither and thither for the remainder of my days, and I should be infinitely happier if my diversions were sometimes accompanied by calm. Perhaps after a perusal of this my plaint one at least of my kind friends will invite me to a comfortable house, give me a wholesome, sauceless meal, and lull me to postprandial peace by singing "Belle Mahone." In the interests of a good cause I will guarantee to sing the thing myself. MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



RIDING WITH HIS FRIEND THE POLICEMAN: AN ENGLISH BULL-TERRIER IN CINCINNATI.

The bull-terrier is the pet of the Cincinnati mounted policeman seen in the photograph, although it does not belong to him. It waits for its friend and follows, barking frantically until the officer dismounts and lifts it on to his horse's back.

Photograph by Topical.



NOT PERMITTED TO JOKE POLITICALLY WHILE ON DUTY: MR. FRANK WHITE, TOWN-CRIER OF HYTHE.

After the result of a postcard poll of ratepayers on the question of contributing £150 a year for the upkeep of the sea-wall, the town-crier shouted "The King of Seabrook is dead. The funeral is to take place at midnight. No flowers." At a subsequent town-council meeting, it was alleged that "the King of Seabrook" referred to one of the Councillors, and it was suggested that such crying was against the dignity of the council and that Mr. White should be asked to resign and return the bell.

Photograph by Topical.



A MOST SUCCESSFUL DODGER OF PROCESS-SERVERS: MR. WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER (BROTHER OF MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER), WHO HAS BEEN GIVING OFFICIALDOM EXCITING MOMENTS.

The Congressional Committee conducting the "Money Trust" investigation did all they could to subpoena Mr. William Rockefeller to give evidence before them, but he had no desire to be bothered. Thirty deputy sheriffs surrounded his house in New York, but he eluded them by dodging into the houses of neighbours. Finally he voluntarily came forward as a witness.

Photograph by L.N.A.

*Absence of Mind.*

FOR SALE.



VI.—THE CASE OF THE LEARNED GENTLEMAN WHO WOULD POST HIS OWN LETTERS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.





## THE LAST OMNIBUS AND THE NEW FRENCHMAN.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

HAVE you never regretted the misnamed diligence? I have; I do—the dear, cahoting, cumbersome, rickety, noisy stage-coach, wherein romance sprang mushroom-like, in one night. To sleep with one's head on the shoulder of a perfect stranger was as good as an introduction. To be thrown into a ditch together, to be held up by highwaymen together, robbed by the same ostler together, look at the moon through the same window-pane together, was for sentimental people almost as complete and intimate a knowledge of one another as a life-long friendship. What saddens me above all is the slow decadence the diligence went through before dying. A thing so romantic and deliciously dangerous should have had, like the car of proud Phaeton, an abrupt and tragic end: a crash, a smash, and—atoms in the ether. Instead of which, the diligence dwindled out pathetically. First it lost its postillion, with his round cheeks, trumpet, and gay ribbons; then two of its horses fell out, its size became smaller, its journeys shorter and less adventurous. The slow coach, paradoxically called a diligence, soon lost even its name and became an omnibus—an omnibus, a thing local and collective, where promiscuity had no longer romance nor adventure. It did not, like the diligence, see those rapturous, enthusiastic first journeys from the province towards the capital. It did not see those returns home of the broken and of the successful, of the forgotten and of the eagerly waited for. It did not see elopements and flights and fights. The omnibus had advertisements—and no glamour; it carried passengers, but not their fate with them—so little happens from one street to another! And now even the vulgar horse 'bus is gone the way of the diligence, but its evolution has been more complete. It has become that thing awful and complicated and beyond the understanding of plain people; it has become a machine. On Saturday, January 11, the last of the horse-drawn omnibuses vanished from the Paris streets. The frivolous French made a farce of that paragraph of history—the disappearing of an institution. They gave the late 'bus a mock funeral. While, alive, it had been dirty and drab, it was conducted to its rest gay with flags and perfumed with wreaths. A motor-'bus, triumphant and redoubtable, followed in its wake. The 'bus is dead, long live the 'bus! and—peace be with its horses!

"Ay, ay, times are changing," as the obvious among us are for ever saying, and it is not only times but people that are changing. In a lecture at South Kensington the other day, Professeur Cazamian spoke of a new type of Frenchman—a Frenchman whom closer acquaintance with his British neighbour was endowing with British qualities, such as obedience to law, respect for order, self-control, and love of fair-play. Hum! I wish—how I wish—that Professor Cazamian were right. The best of being a learned man is that one knows so little about unpleasant human affairs. All savants are simple as a matter of course. He who studies the stars knows little about the streets. Professor Cazamian has heard his compatriots using such English words as *whiskey-soda*, *Phyllis Dave*, and *football*. He has seen them wearing tweeds for afternoon calls. He has smelt them smoking English tobacco out of English pipes. He has heard them whistling German tunes out of English musical comedies. He has wondered that hair no longer grew on the lips and chin of the new generation of his countrymen, and Professor Cazamian, after disbelieving, at first, his own spectacles, came to the conclusion that a new Franco-British being had been born from the Channel as Venus from the sea. Dear Professor, wipe your spectacles, take up a paper, not a page from Homer, but a vulgar

human French newspaper, and read; then, having read, ponder over the *faits-divers* and the political articles. Still pondering, go for a walk in one of those parks you spoke of—French public parks, placed (oh, touching faith!) "under the protection of the public." Look skyward if you would be happy and ignore the rubbish in the grass and the mutilated trees. Do not let

the hour for reconnoitring be a late one, for there are more Apaches than flowers in our rustic bowers. Then cross the road, if the disorder of the traffic, in spite of the ineffective gesticulation of the agent, permits you. Then, taking great care not to be run over, bespattered or black-guarded by murderous taxi-drivers, direct your steps to, say, a boxing con-

test or a football match. By the way, did you happen to be present at that lively match between Scotland and France some few weeks ago? I think not! And apropos, dear Professor, what is the French equivalent for "self-control," and "fair-play"?



FAIR AND ROYAL MILITARY COMMANDERS: PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE KAISER, AS SECOND-IN-COMMAND OF THE HUSSARS OF THE BODYGUARD No. 2, AND THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCESS AS COMMANDER-OF REGIMENT OF DRAGOONS (2ND SILESIAN) No. 8.

Photograph by G. Berger.



VERY INFORMAL FOR A GERMAN MILITARY MANŒUVRE! THE CROWN PRINCE RIDING, WITH HIS SECOND SON, PRINCE LOUIS FERDINAND, AT THE HEAD OF HIS REGIMENT; AND WITH HIS ELDEST SON, PRINCE WILLIAM, ON A PONY BEFORE HIM.

Photograph by G. Berger.



A GOOD EXCUSE.

FOR SALE.



THE LECTURER: The paths up this mountain are too steep for even an ass to climb;  
therefore I did not attempt the ascent.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A £400,000,000 FORTUNE IN A HUNDRED YEARS: SECRETS OF MONEY-MAKING.\*

### Secrets of Rothschild Success.

The Rothschilds, famous the world over as financiers at once exceptionally able and eminently to be trusted, had as their immediate founder the aged Maier Amschel, who, a little over a century ago, was a small trader in the Jewish quarter of Frankfort. "He began his career as a modest shopkeeper; his sons became millionaires, his grandsons multi-millionaires. Three generations sufficed to convert this obscure ghetto-family into the greatest financial power in the world." And Maier Amschel had to fight the prejudices of the ages. "For the sake of his wife and children he worked assiduously from early morning until night, when the civic authorities fastened, with heavy chains and locks, the doors which confined Maier Amschel and his co-religionists in their narrow ghetto." He it was who sent his five sons from Jew Street to open banks in five important cities. "Within the space of a hundred years the Rothschild family made a fortune amounting to more than four hundred million pounds sterling." How was this done? In the first place, the brothers, respecting the dying commands of their father, conducted the whole of their business in constant co-operation. "More than once, the issue of peace or war depended upon them. The prosperity or misery of whole countries was in their hands, and even at that time the children of the Frankfort ghetto removed Ministers and Governments." Further, their principles were "not to strain after an excessive profit in any operation, to impose definite limits on all they undertook, and, as far as human foresight and prudence could achieve it, leave nothing to chance." In addition, of course, the personalities of the brothers counted for a great deal. To a genius for money-manceuvring and money-making were allied honesty, caution, charity, tact, thorough knowledge of events and of men.

### The Real Rothschild and Waterloo Story.

Knowledge of events, indeed — or, rather, early knowledge—was, perhaps, the Rothschilds' greatest asset, and enabled them time and again to grasp the favourable opportunity. Their success in this was no matter of luck, but the outcome of their distinguished connections and the fine organisation of the firm. That popular story of Nathan Rothschild watching the great struggle for the mastery of Europe, seeing the fall of Napoleon, hastening from the battlefield of Waterloo to that of the Exchange, and, amidst excited men who believed Wellington had been beaten, making a great fortune before the true news came, is no more than a story. Mr. Balla accepts it only with "said to" and "if," and, as the *Evening News* pointed out the other day, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, in a speech of 1903, said: "The news really came through the medium of a small Dutch newspaper. It was published in three big-letter lines: 'Great Victory of the English at Amsterdam.' My grandfather, who owned some ships, had told his captains whenever they went to the Dutch coast, or to any place where there were newspapers procurable, always to bring him the latest publications of the kind. When my grandfather . . .

saw this announcement, he immediately took it to the Treasury and gave the information to Lord Liverpool, without saying how he got it. Strange to say, the news was scouted, because at the very time intelligence had arrived that the English troops had been defeated on the previous day." The information was brought, the *Evening News* was able to state the other day, by Captain Cullen, master of a sailing ship, who saw it in a Brussels newspaper, hurried to London, and told Nathan Rothschild, who had never left England. So much for the story; but it illustrates the Rothschild method of ensuring first knowledge of events, how widely the net was cast, and with what excellent chances of good catches.



FOUNDER OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD: NATHAN ROTHSCHILD.

Reproduced from "The Romance of the Rothschilds" by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

### A Rothschild "Done."

The Rothschilds were bettered at times, naturally enough. A well-known stockbroker played the firm an ingenious trick. Seeing Nathan's carriage outside his Stamford Hill house late one evening, he concluded that the financier must have serious reasons for driving out at such an hour, watched and had his own carriage prepared for a journey. Rothschild came out with two friends and was driven to the City. The stockbroker followed, to New Court, Rothschild's town residence. A few moments after Nathan had gone in, the stockbroker, apparently drunk, staggered through the doorway, passed the protesting servants, and fell into Nathan's study, seemingly as helpless as a sack. An attempt to revive him was (need it be said?) in vain; and the Rothschild business, brooking no delay, was continued, it being accepted that the unexpected visitor was too fuddled to do anything but sleep. A plan of campaign was drawn up, and Nathan and his friends went away, telling the servants to look after the drunken man. There was no need. The stockbroker staggered out unaided. Next day he made a fortune, buying up the stock Nathan Rothschild desired.

### A Rothschild as Artist's Model.

Members of the Rothschilds' firm have, of course, had their eccentricities—eccentricities which did not interfere with their affairs. Witness one of the illustrations on this page. Baron James Rothschild wanted his portrait painted. Jadin demanded 5000 francs, and was deemed too expensive. Then Rothschild turned to Horace Vernet, the famous battle-painter, and asked his terms. "For you, Baron," was the reply, "my price is four thousand francs." "The devil!" exclaimed the financier. "It is only a question of three or four strokes of your brush, and you want a sum like that." "Ah," said the painter, shrugging his shoulders, "you want to bargain. . . . Well, now I want five thousand francs. . . ." The Baron hurried from the studio. . . . "Wait a minute," said the artist. "I will paint your portrait for nothing. . . . Horace kept his word. In his great picture, 'On the Way to Smala,' anyone may recognise the face of the terrified Jew who is making off with a boxful of money. . . . The . . . features are unmistakably those of the famous banker."—"The Romance of the Rothschilds" is emphatically a book to read: it is as "full of meat" as it is entertaining.



AN ARTIST'S REVENGE: BARON JAMES ROTHSCHILD AS THE TERRIFIED JEW IN HORACE VERNET'S "ON THE WAY TO SMALA."

Reproduced from "The Romance of the Rothschilds" by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

\* "The Romance of the Rothschilds." By Ignatius Balla. (Eveleigh Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)



THE VOICE THAT FAILED.

FOR SALE.



THE IRATE PASSENGER: Why don't you call out the name of the station clearly?  
THE PORTER: What d'yer 'spect—a bloomin' opera singer for porter's wages?

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



## A Novel in a Nutshell

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. JENKINSON.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

CAPTAIN BROWN, of the *Nancy*, was sitting on the cabin hatch, consuming a hasty tea. He was for the moment engaged in eating a grilled herring without other aid than his fingers and his teeth, and paused to wonder why it should have been ordained that the fish should have so many bones. "There's no end to them," he said, thoughtfully extracting one or two of the most prominent from their lodgment between gums and teeth. "I suppose some of these scientific chaps could give a reason for it. But it beats me."

The crew—three men and a boy—were forward, busy with the nets. A crab had been busy before them, and there was a good deal of repairing to be done. Already darkness was falling, and with the morning the *Nancy* was due to leave the little port of Seabridge to face the waters of the North Sea. The skipper finished his herring, gulped a cup of hot liquid which represented the cook's idea of tea, and went forward to inspect the net-mending. After a few caustic compliments on the speed with which it was being accomplished, he returned aft, sat down on the hatch, and lit his pipe. An evening paper lay at his side, but he was too lazy to open it. His eye wandered down the sluggish estuary, then to the two or three other boats in the harbour, and lastly to the little quay and across it to the lighted windows of The Three Fishers, which seemed to wink at him in friendly invitation. Whilst he sat trying to summon up energy to cross the gangway, he became aware of a small, slight figure, clad in a heavy ulster and a travelling-cap, and bearing a black bag in its hand—the figure of a man who had approached the quayside and who was now looking down at the *Nancy*. The stranger cleared his throat.

"A beautiful evening," he said with an effort.

Captain Brown nodded.

"And a fine boat," went on the newcomer, with a landsman's glance along the lines of the *Nancy*.

"There's nothing wrong with the boat," grunted the skipper; conscious that he was being approached on his weakest point. "I've seen worse."

"No doubt," said the stranger, a trifle dubiously. "And you are going—?"

"Fishing—off the Dogger," replied the skipper; "we're off to-morrow morning."

The stranger paused.

"It must be a very romantic life," he said at last.

Captain Brown looked puzzled.

"I don't know as there's anything particularly romantic about it," he said at last. "Herrings ain't as romantic as you might think. Some folks might find 'em so. I don't. Too bony."

"But the life!" said the stranger nervously. "I have often felt a great desire to experience it. The—er—the ocean, the mighty ocean, and the rough but good-hearted men who get their living on it!"

"The North Sea ain't the mighty ocean," said Captain Brown, a trifle disgusted; "and as for rough-spokenness, well, with the lot I've got on board, you might as well put to sea with the Young Men's Christian Association."

"Do you know," said the stranger, "I should very much like to try a voyage with you. My name is—er—Jenkinson. I have never been to sea before except once when I crossed the Channel, and then I stood its rigours remarkably well. It would be an experience that I should value."

"I don't know that I should value it, though," said Captain Brown; "and there's two sides to every question."

Mr. Jenkinson smiled nervously.

"If you would accompany me to The Three Fishers," he said, with a glance across the road, "perhaps I could give you reasons which would incline you to look favourably on my request. This place is a little public."

Captain Brown rose, somewhat mollified.

"Always ready to listen to a gentleman," he said. He turned to the crew whose manners and morals he had praised.

"Now then, you skulking hounds," he said, "I'm going shore with this gentleman for half-an-hour. If them nets aren't mended by the time I come back, there'll be trouble. Now, then, Sir."

They crossed the gangway and proceeded to The Three Fishers. To the stranger's apparent gratification, they had the snug parlour to themselves. At his expense Captain Brown was supplied with a steaming glass of hot whisky. Mr. Jenkinson drank ginger-ale.

"And now, Sir," said the Captain, "let me have them reasons."

"My desire for the experience I have already explained to you," said Mr. Jenkinson anxiously.

"You have," said the Captain; "and you can put that aside. It don't count. Let's have the others."

The stranger laughed nervously.

"They are ten in number," he said, "and may perhaps appeal to you. They have this further advantage, that they can all be put before you at once."

He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and produced ten sovereigns, which he laid one by one on the table. Captain Brown looked at them thoughtfully.

"I'm not denying that they're good reasons," he said; "and I won't say as they won't make me take you with me. But before I do, I'd like to know the reasons for them reasons. You haven't been robbing a bank, for example, eh?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" said the stranger hastily—"oh, certainly not. I am a law-abiding man, I assure you. I simply wish for the experience."

"Well, if it's all right and above board, I don't mind taking you," said the Captain; "and if it isn't, I don't see what you're to gain by going. For we're going out and we're coming back, and at the end of it you'll be no better off than you are now."

"Quite so," said Mr. Jenkinson. "Then it's settled."

"Settled it is, Sir," answered Captain Brown, gathering up the sovereigns and speaking with a touch of respect due to the fact that he was in the presence of capital. "We sail at six. If you'll be on board by that time, we'll take you with us and welcome."

"Favour me so far," said Mr. Jenkinson, "as to allow me to sleep on your boat. I wish to accustom myself to the surroundings." The skipper pondered.

"There's Sam's bunk," he said—"Sam's my mate. He'll have to bunk for'ard."

They rose. Captain Brown laid his hand on the stranger's bag. Mr. Jenkinson started nervously. "Allow me," he said; "I prefer to carry it myself."

"Blooming suspicious!" grunted the skipper to himself as he crossed the road. "I wonder what's in it."

Once on board, he altered the sleeping arrangements to everyone's satisfaction but the mate's. Mr. Jenkinson retired to his bunk and entered upon the romance of sea life—a romance in which rats played a more prominent part than he had expected. But he slept at last, and so soundly that the casting-off of the little craft failed to awaken him. When he did wake he found that he was at sea.

There was a fresh breeze, and the *Nancy* was lurching through the waves in a grey waste of water and sky. No land was in sight, and to his unpractised eye there seemed little difference between the North Sea and the mighty ocean for which he had craved. It was romantic, no doubt—or would have been had there been a less clammy perspiration upon his forehead. He looked astern and saw the skipper busy with the paper which he had been too lazy to read on the previous evening. He seemed very much absorbed, and Mr. Jenkinson did not care to disturb him, so he remained by the hatch, holding on to a rope, a forlorn little figure closely buttoned in an ulster, his right hand clutching the precious bag.

Had he known it, Captain Brown's thoughts were occupied with him. The mate came aft and busied himself with a coil of rope. The skipper beckoned to him.

"Sam," he said, "come here a minute. I want you."

The mate, mindful of his ejection from his bunk, came sullenly.

"Speak low," said the skipper warningly. "Who d'ye suppose we've got on board?"

The mate had three guesses, naming a member of the royal family, Sequah, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was told not to be a fool.

"I only thought," he observed mildly, "as you wouldn't have turned me out of my berth for anyone else."

"Sam," said the skipper, too excited by his discovery to notice the jibe, "that chap's an anarchist. He's one of the gang that tried to blow up the Bank of England last week. I've just come across his description in the paper. Look:—'Small, dark. Was wearing an ulster and carrying a black bag. Is expected to try to reach the Continent. The police are on the alert and all the steamers are being watched.' What do you think of that, Sam?"

"Think!" said the mate incredulously. "Why, that if he wanted to get to the Continent he wouldn't have come on this trip. He must have known we weren't going."

"Yes, that's what I can't understand," said the puzzled skipper. He glanced at the paper again. "'Small, dark,'" he said, "'name of Rasinski, but passes under many aliases. Would probably try

[Continued overleaf.]



FOR SALE.

# A COUPLE OF BRACE.

FOR SALE.



THE LITTLE GIRL (a stranger): My papa's an airynut. Your little-boy says his is an airynut, too. Please, is he?  
BOBBY'S SISTER (gently): No, dear; his papa is an angel.  
BOBBY (triumphantly): There, didn't I tell you he was a flying-man?

DRAWN BY ARTHUR GILL.



HE (as they sit out and talk sweet nothings): Why are you sad, my darling?  
SHE (with feeling and a sigh): Oh, Henry, hasn't it struck you that this will be our last evening together until to-morrow?

DRAWN BY HUTTON MITCHELL.



PAPA (an enthusiastic motorist): No, my boy; we've got no favourites in our family — although, perhaps, the wife is a little more interested in the 1913 model than in some of the earlier ones.

DRAWN BY HUTTON MITCHELL.



THE FIRST BARNSTORMER: Have you seen our new juvenile —  
THE SECOND BARNSTORMER: No, Ronald; what is he like?  
THE FIRST BARNSTORMER: Like, laddie, like? Why, he's got teeth.

DRAWN BY MONTY.

FOR SALE.

to get away under an English name. A reward of one hundred pounds is offered for such information as would lead to his arrest. One hundred pounds! Sam, it's him!"

The mate took the paper and read on.

"Caution should be observed in effecting his capture," he read, "as the miscreant is of the most determined character and habitually carries a large amount of high explosive with him." He glanced at Mr. Jenkinson and his bag. "I don't think it's him, after all," he said.

"Nonsense, Sam!" said the skipper—"you just keep an eye on him and you'll see."

Further evidence was at hand. Mr. Jenkinson, tired of staring at the sea, came aft in search of company. He was a little puzzled by the manner of his reception. There was none of that rough and hearty good-will which he had supposed characterised those who do business in deep waters, but instead, an exaggerated reserve which bordered on shrinking.

"I should like to speak to you alone, Captain Brown," he said.

The skipper glanced uneasily at the mate.

"Sam's all right," he said; "anything you want to say to me you can say in front of Sam. Him and me has no secrets."

For a moment Mr. Jenkinson looked disconcerted. Then he became frankness itself.

"The fact is," he said, "I was going to ask you if you ever touched the coast of Holland?"

The skipper glanced sharply at the mate.

"No," he said abruptly, "we don't."

"But do you think that—er—under certain circumstances—you could?"

"I daresay we could if we wanted to," grunted the skipper; "I don't suppose it's moved much since I saw it last."

"I should be glad if you could make it convenient to do so," said Mr. Jenkinson nervously. "The fact is that I don't care about returning to England just at present. I gave you—er—ten reasons for taking me to sea with you, captain. I am prepared to give you twenty more if you will land me at any of the smaller ports on the Dutch coast—or even on any part of the shore."

The skipper made a rapid calculation. Ten and twenty were thirty. But, on the other hand, his suspicions had now become certainties, and he saw his way to a hundred. He was about to declare that he would have nothing to do with the proposal, when the mate plucked him violently by the sleeve. He scratched his chin. He was at a loss to understand his subordinate's excitement, but felt that he was being asked to temporise.

"I'll think it over, Mr. Jenkinson," he said. "It's a thing that wants thinking over. It's a bit out of my line, you see. I'll let you know in half an hour."

He descended to the cabin and the mate followed him.

"What the dickens did you mean by pulling my sleeve, Sam?" he demanded.

"Why, skipper," said the mate excitedly, "you were going to tell that man that you wouldn't land him. I saw it in your eye. You were going to tell him that you meant to take him back to England. And there he was with a bag that's most likely full enough of dynamite to blow this boat into chips."

"Sam," said the skipper, "you've a head on your shoulders."

"And lucky for the boat I have," answered the mate. "Now I tell you what it is: if we can't get that bag from him—and it's not likely from the way he sticks to it and from what I guess is in it—then we'll have to tell him we'll land him in Holland. That needn't stop us from taking him back to England; for from what I've seen of him he's such a landlubber that he'll not notice which way the boat's going. When we've landed him, we give him up to the police and we gets the reward. How does that strike you? You and me gets the reward."

"You and me" isn't grammar, Sam," said the skipper, somewhat unpleasantly struck by the phrase.

"Perhaps not," answered the mate; "but it's sense. Two thirds for you as captain; one third for me as mate. The crew don't need to know anything about it."

"I don't know as you've any moral right to it, Sam," said the skipper thoughtfully. "After all, it's my ship."

"And where would it have been if I'd let you tell that man as you were going to take him back?" inquired the indignant mate. "Matchwood—that's what it would have been—matchwood! I've saved this ship, and you grudge me a miserable thirty-five pounds."

"I'm not grudging you the thirty-three pounds, Sam," said the skipper, with a certain emphasis on the figure. "All I've got to say is that some folks is very keen on what's little more than blood-money, when all's said. But that's by the way, and a matter for your own conscience. I'll go now and tell that chap that we're taking him to Holland."

But Mr. Jenkinson was not on deck. The wind had freshened slightly, and he had retired to his bunk, a prey to a violent seismic disturbance within him. On being told that he was going to Holland, he groaned, and the skipper understood him to say that he didn't care if he went to Heligoland; though the worthy captain could only swear to the first syllable.

"I see you're feeling the motion, Sir," he said tactfully. "This here bag's a bit in your way. I'll just take it out of your bunk."

But Mr. Jenkinson clung to it even in his agony.

"No, no," he said faintly; "I'll not part with it. There are things in it that want taking care of."

"Got his arms round it," said Captain Brown to the mate when he went on deck. "Got his arms round a bag that's most likely got a couple of pounds of dynamite in it. Can't sleep without it, seemingly. That's the sort of man he is, Sam. And I don't mind telling you I'll feel a sight safer when he's off the ship."

All idea of the herring catch was given up, and the *Nancy* was put about for England. There was little need for precaution, for Mr. Jenkinson's attack confined him to his berth for the rest of the day. Towards night they shortened sail in order to make the land at a convenient hour, and at ten next morning they sighted the coast. The wind had dropped and Mr. Jenkinson had risen.

"Is that Holland?" he asked, approaching the skipper from behind and startling him with the suddenness of the question.

"Why, of course it is," answered Captain Brown. "You oughtn't to come up against a man like that. I might have—er—jogged against that bag of yours—and then—well—er—I don't suppose you want it jogging against, that's all." He paused to wipe his forehead. "From the care you take of it, that is," he added.

Mr. Jenkinson looked blank, and the skipper continued artfully. "And if you'll take my advice you'll go below, and keep quiet until we're in. I'll pass the word when you can come up. There'll be Customs House officers and so on—prying chaps that maybe you won't want to see."

"No," assented Mr. Jenkinson thankfully—"no, you're quite right, Captain. I don't want any fuss. I'm much obliged to you—much obliged to you. I'll go below."

He disappeared so meekly that the skipper's conscience smote him. The mate, however, was of sterner stuff, and openly rejoiced in the approaching deliverance of the criminal to a rewarding justice. An hour later they ran into Seabridge and made fast to the quay. The first thing that struck them was the majestic figure of a policeman standing at a little distance from the boat. He was talking to two women, the one older than the other, who seemed to be addressing him excitedly. Both the skipper and the mate agreed that he must have been placed there by Providence.

"Now then, Sam, fetch him up," said the skipper. "When he gets on deck and finds out where he is, don't give him a moment. You and me hustles him on shore sharp and gives him in charge."

The mate went below. He reappeared with Mr. Jenkinson, who still grasped his black bag. Before that worthy could express his astonishment, Captain Brown had grasped one of his arms, and the mate the other, and had hurried him up the gangway. They wrenched the bag from him, rushed him towards the policeman, and gave him in charge.

"Here he is, policeman," said Captain Brown; "and I think it's as neat a cop as you'll see in a year's duty. Here he is—the anarchist as tried to blow up the Bank of England. Paid me ten pounds to take him to sea, and wanted to pay me another twenty to set him ashore in Holland. But I'm a law-abiding man, and I give him up to you. And don't you forget that it was me that did it when it comes to a question of the reward."

The two women turned. At the sight of the meek and astonished little desperado, they broke into cries of angry recognition.

"Well, if it isn't—!" began the elder.

"William!" cried the younger. "Oh, William! To think as you could have done such a thing!"

The policeman looked at the skipper and grinned.

"I'm afraid you've made a bit of a mistake," he said—"the anarchist you were looking for was caught last night trying to get over by the Folkestone boat. Consequently, there's no reward; unless these ladies like to offer one. They've been looking for this gentleman."

"Yes, that we have," said the elder of the two, meaningly. "And you, you villain," she went on, addressing the disconsolate Mr. Jenkinson, "what do you mean by trying to run away from my poor child—your own lawful wife?—and taking every cent of the money you'd got in the bank with you? Oh, I know. I've been there and they told me how you'd drawn it all out and put it in a bag and off with you. So now, you beauty, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Say?" said the dazed Mr. Jenkinson. "Well, I—I—er—really, I don't know what to say."

"Nor I," answered his mother-in-law viciously. "But I'm going to try and find out. So you come home with us, and by the time we've got there, I may have thought of something."

Mr. Jenkinson turned meekly to accompany them, after one glance of reproach at the skipper. That glance touched Captain Brown's heart. He stood gazing after them a moment and then turned to the constable.

"He was too blooming mysterious," he said, "and see what's come of it. If he'd only paid me half the money and told me the truth—told me why he wanted to get away—I'd have put him ashore in Holland, ay, or in Denmark or Sweden for a matter of that, and been glad to do it. I would! I'm a married man myself!"

He beckoned to the disconsolate mate, and the two went back to the boat to discuss the matter of the lost herring catch.

THE END.





# ON THE LINKS

## LONDON GOLF: ALPINISATION AT RICHMOND, AND SOME REMINISCENCES.

### A Big Bill for Bunkers.

The amazing circumstance is placed before us that in its last financial year one club alone, that being the very busy one whose headquarters are down Richmond way, and which is known to the world as the Mid-Surrey, spent the goodly sum of £1367 on making difficulties for the members who play upon the course. This is to say that in twelve months so much money was spent on finishing off the great scheme of bunkering according to the new system, which is alternately called the "humps-and-hollows," the "hills-and-dales," and the "alpinisation," which was conceived in the minds of J. H. Taylor and Peter Lees some two or three years ago. As in the previous year no less than £1038 had been spent on the beginning of this same scheme, this new kind of bunkering has cost the club over £2400. So far as the ordinary non-golfing person could judge, the result has been to convert a nice, flat and fine-looking piece of park into an up-and-down sort of place, over which no man, wherever he had been, ought ever to walk on a dark night without a lantern, the odds, on his breaking either neck, legs, or ankles being considerable if he did so. Some people criticise this alpinisation of the Mid-Surrey course somewhat sourly; I have known many—chiefly those who do not play there—say that it has made the course easier than it was; but I am one of those who are certain that it is a good thing, and has made the golf at Richmond much fairer, much better as a golfing bet, and infinitely more interesting; and therefore, Taylor and Lees and the management of the club are to be well congratulated on the result of the scheme. Incidentally, it appears that there is something to suggest that the curiosity of outsiders to see what has happened here, and that the pleasure of play on the course by those who are not members, have much increased, for the club took £607 in green fees last year as against £511 the year before. Its income reached the enormous figure of £7614, which, in the absence of any statement to the contrary, is taken as a record for any golf club; and it spent the lot and £60 besides, and is very pleased with itself. Indeed these are days of golf! I wonder if it is generally realised that there is more play on this course than on any other in the world. It is most certainly the fact.

### Mid-Surrey Comes of Age.

I cannot make any suggestion; but it seems to me that something ought to be done this year to celebrate the coming-of-age of the biggest and busiest of London's clubs, for I only just realise now, on turning up the records, that it was instituted in 1892, and that

therefore it is twenty-one years old this year. Those who started the club in the old days were chiefly Scots, and were for the most part connected with the Richmond Athletic Association. They determined to do the thing in no half-hearted manner; and, instead of beginning with a little nine-holes course, they had a courage which at that time amounted almost to rashness, for they boldly took occupation of the Old Deer Park, which has ever since been the home of the club. One of the founders and the first president and captain was the late Mr. W. Bruce Dick. Those splendid pioneers, with all their hope and belief and enthusiasm, could hardly have foreseen the splendid future that the club had before it, and it is not only a great club and a successful club, but it has the deserved reputation of being one of the best-managed in the world. Its professional, Taylor, has four times won the Open Championship; but it has never yet produced an amateur champion, though two of its leading members, Mr. Sidney Fry and Mr. H. E. Taylor, have reached the final of the great amateur event, and both of these and one or two others besides are good enough to win to the end some year when things go as well for them as they must always do for the man who wins the championship.



THE LADY GOLFER'S ACTION: MRS. EVELYN MARGARET GAVIN, MR. STANLEY CLIFFORD, AND W. E. HORNE.

In the case Gavin versus Buckland and others, Mrs. Evelyn Margaret Gavin, of Henley, claimed damages against Commander Charles Buckland, R.N., for libel, and against certain members of the Cherisey Golf Club for breach of contract in excluding her from the club for a certain period at the beginning of last year. Opening the case for the plaintiff, Mr. Hawke said that the matter arose out of a dispute which took place on the club links. On Christmas Eve, 1911, Mrs. Gavin and her husband rang up the Chertsey Club with the idea of securing the services of W. E. Horne, the professional, to play with them in the morning. When the party arrived, Horne was engaged, and Mr. Gavin arranged with him to play a foursome in the afternoon. When this time arrived, Mr. Stanley Clifford, with whom Horne had played in the morning, claimed to retain the professional's services. The matter was disputed between Mr. Gavin and Mr. Clifford; and then Horne decided to play with Mr. Clifford. Mrs. Gavin, her husband, and father, then proceeded to play a match, and after they had driven off, Mr. Clifford's party followed. Horne drove off, and Mr. Gavin went back, picked up his ball, and put it in his pocket. At the second tee Horne drove off again, and apparently there was a sort of race between Mr. Gavin and Mr. Clifford for Horne's ball. Mr. Gavin got the ball, some pushing took place, and then he said: "I have made my protest; you can do what you like." At the time of this dispute, said Counsel, Mrs. Gavin was some distance away. On December 26 the committee of the club met, and Mr. Clifford and Commander Buckland were among those to decide the dispute. On the following day Mr. Gavin, then on the links, was handed a letter, signed by Commander Buckland, which notified that Mr. and Mrs. Gavin had been suspended from the use of the club and links pending investigation. The plaintiff's suspension was subsequently withdrawn, but no expression of regret was offered to Mrs. Gavin by the committee.—[Photographs by Sport and General and Illustrations Bureau.]

heath, and goodness knows how many golf courses there are within a dozen miles of Charing Cross in these days. It is reckoned that there are twenty-five thousand players in the Metropolitan golfing area, and the number is increasing faster than the accommodation for them. Subscriptions are being increased, the quality of the courses is being improved, and London golf altogether—a big thing now—is becoming more important all the time. Some say it is inevitable that in time it will be the seat of the government of the game. We shall see.

HENRY LEACH.

The advance of golf in the London district has been very amazing. The first clubhouse that there ever was in these parts was the old iron shooting-house, measuring eight yards by six, with which the London Scottish club started at Wimbledon, and in this tiny place not only did the members store their goods and chattels, and partake of such foods and drinks as satisfied them, but the professional, Tom Dunn, also did his work there. Of course, the Royal Blackheath club, with a habitation of its own, had been in existence long before then, but this ancient organisation is a thing apart, and although it mothered the golf of London, it is to be considered as a national more than a Metropolitan institution. Less than fifty years ago there was no golf course anywhere in the South save that seven-holes round at Black-



A VALSE FROM VIENNA, A YANKEE SKETCH, AND NIGGER MINSTRELSY.

THE latest novelty at the Oxford is a sketch entitled "Marked Money." It is unblushingly American, and it is heralded with some pomp. The programme even supplied us with the names of the firms which provide the furniture and silverware. We are introduced at the unusual hour of eight in the morning to the flat of Richard Crosby junior (alias Dick Kane), who is a criminal of the first water. With him is Edyth Glendinning (alias May Martin), who is his accomplice. From the lady we learn that she has not spent her evening in vain, for she has met an old gentleman at a railway station and relieved him of his money and his watch. It appears that they are being watched and that a celebrated detective is on their track. The lady being left alone for a moment, there enters a benevolent-looking old gentleman, who turns out to be the very one who has been relieved of his watch and money. He announces himself as Mr. Richard Crosby senior, who has not seen his son for fifteen long years. With paternal solicitude he cross-examines his son with regard to his surroundings. He is not unnaturally surprised at finding a lady of such antecedents there at that hour of the morning, but his son assures him that he is merely having a business interview on his way to Wall Street. After a certain amount of dialogue, couched in the most uncompromising Americanese, the senior Richard Crosby suddenly claps the handcuffs on the wrists of the criminal couple and removes his benevolent wig, and behold! he is not Richard Crosby senior at all, but the celebrated detective who has been on their track. The importation is carried through with much spirit by a cast which includes Mr. Leslie Carter, but I think that, if I had been a hardened and hounded adventurer, I should have suspected that wig the moment I set eyes on it. The programme is further enlivened by George Formby, who sings, of all places in the world, in the High Street of Oxford.

**Revivalism.** The music-halls are busy places nowadays, and there are few busier than the Palladium. Not only does it provide two performances every evening and classical music on Sundays, but its week-day afternoons are fully employed. Just now it is giving a Christy Minstrel show each day, and the other afternoon I found quite a large audience very obviously enjoying itself. Many people had thought that this form of entertainment had died the death long ago, and that when it disappeared from the St. James's Hall, it had departed for good and all. It

he with the high soprano would give "If with all Your Hearts," and the whole affair was killingly funny. But the public grew indifferent and ceased to patronise the niggers, and for years

we have been without the minstrels. But it occurred to the Palladium people that it was time for a revival, and the idea seems to have justified itself. They have carried out their scheme on a big scale. Instead of one Mr. Bones and one Mr. Tambourine, there are a half-a-dozen of each, and there are banjoists by the dozen, and songsters by the score. Though in many respects there is a loyal adherence to the old methods, there are visible signs of a desire to bring the entertainment up to date, and it goes without saying that rag-time figures largely. At one moment you are listening to an old-fashioned laughing song rendered by a comedian calling himself "Uncle Mack of Broadstairs," and at the next, to the now familiar "Hitchy Koo." The "Rag-Time Bogie Man" is given with novel effects. Rays of light reflected from spectacles on the noses of the boy minstrels shoot about the house, and bogie-men with gleaming green eyes prow around the auditorium. However much the superior-minded may sniff, it cannot be denied that all this proves very much to the taste of considerable audiences.

**From Vienna.** The Pavilion management has put itself to the trouble

and expense of importing from Vienna what is called an operetta. We are growing used to the musical products of the

capital of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and we know beforehand that a waltz will be the dominating feature of the piece. Nor are our anticipations doomed to disappointment in the present instance; in fact, one may say with temerity that the operetta, which is called, "Maison Décolletée," contains little beyond the waltz that calls for notice. It may also be safely prognosticated that this particular tune will not succeed in obtaining the hold on the public which was the proud boast of its compatriot of "Merry Widow" fame. The scene is laid in the establishment of a celebrated and would-be comic costumier who has a male singing assistant, called Chiffon, and a manageress, named Lucette, who are in love with one another. To these enters the Duke Petropulus of Prascovia, who is smitten with the charms of Lucette. Nothing much happens except that his Highness refrains persistently from placing any orders with the firm, and, as far as one can judge, the leading characters all give up business and migrate to the Court of Prascovia. Miss Nan Stuart plays Lucette with vivacity; but, whatever happened to the Danube, the piece will not set the Thames on fire.



NOW PLAYING IN "OFFICER 666": MISS RUTH BOWER, THE NEW SADIE SMALL OF THE PIECE.

Photograph by Elite.



THE NEW "GRAPE-FRUIT GIRL" IN "OFFICER 666": MISS GERTRUDE ROBINS, THE HELEN BURTON OF THE PIECE.

Photograph by Bassano.

was one of the delights of one's boyhood, and I never think without joy of the Good Fridays of the past when the Moore and Burgess minstrels used to give a "Sacred Concert." They honoured the occasion by not blacking their faces, and were, in consequence, dreadfully nervous. The man with the deep bass voice would sing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and



THE ENGLISH OFFICER 666: MR. A. E. MATTHEWS AT THE GLOBE.

Some little while ago now Mr. A. E. Matthews took up the part of Travers Gladwin, the rôle created by Mr. Wallace Eddinger both in London and in the United States. He is here seen in disguise as Officer 666.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield

Miss Nan Stuart plays Lucette with vivacity; but, whatever happened to the Danube, the piece will not set the Thames on fire.

ROVER.





TYRES AT EDINBURGH—HINTS TO COACHMEN TURNING CHAUFFEURS—CO-OPERATION IN PETROL.

### Beware the Bogus Motor School.

It is indeed gratifying to learn that the determination of the Royal Automobile Club to stamp out the bogus motor schools which have sprung up in such numbers during the last two years is having a salutary effect, as all the schools worthy of the name are applying for certificates. Anyone who comes in contact with an ex-coachman or any other man contemplating the career of a chauffeur should advise him that the tuition that can make him a competent driver and car-tender can be obtained only at a school which is vouched for by the Royal Automobile Club. The tales of disappointment and loss told by unfortunates who have gone to some of these bogus schools, and found that after the expenditure of what to them is a very large sum of money, they are not properly qualified, are heartrending, and it seems a pity that some public-spirited body or individual does not take action on behalf of these deluded people and cause those who are engaged in this bogus motor-school business to disgorge their gains. It is, of course, the comparatively low fees of the bogus schools that attract the unwary, so it cannot be too widely known among intending chauffeurs that in future only the certificated schools should be patronised.

### Dunlop Tyres, Wheels, and Rims at Edinburgh.

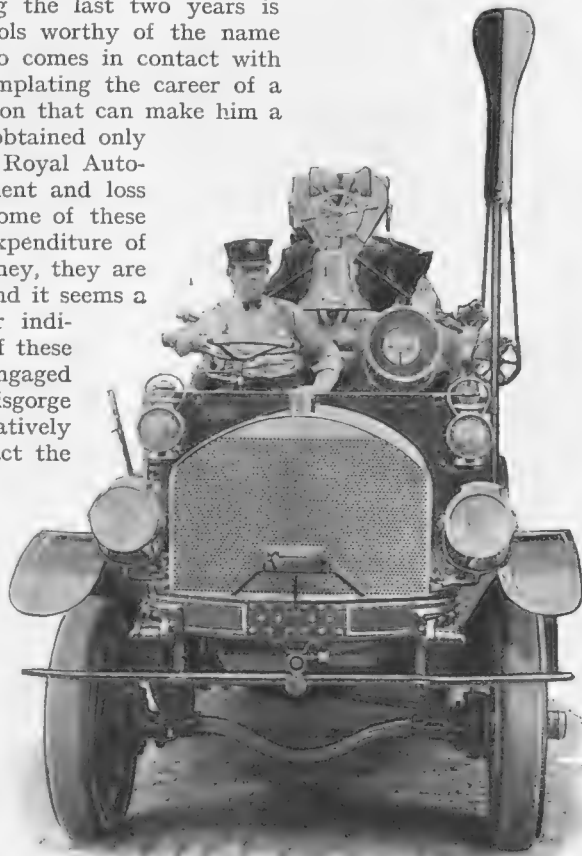
Scottish motorists attending the forthcoming Scottish Show at Edinburgh who are, as every motorist must be, interested in getting the best value for money in the shape of tyres, should not fail to visit the stand of the Dunlop Rubber Company, where, in particular, a tyre well calculated for use at this trying period of the year will be found in the Dunlop limousine type, which is made in two sizes, with plain, grooved, or steel-studded treads. There will also be seen the Dunlop Rubber Company's latest introduction—the leather steel-studded cover. The Dunlop Rubber Company have been long in putting out a cover of this description, but they have held their hands until by much experiment and severe tests they were confident of producing an absolutely satisfactory article. Although the Dunlop detachable wheel has gained much fame, both here and abroad, it should not be forgotten that there is also a Dunlop detachable rim, which has won its spurs in every way, and which enjoys a large meed of favour. To my mind, a good detachable rim is preferable in the case of light cars to a detachable wheel, particularly when touring, for two rims and tyres can be stowed in the space occupied by one wheel, and also weight is saved.

### Co-operative Petrol.

The names of the men who are serving

on the Committee of Management must assuredly inspire confidence in the Petrol Users and Traders Supply Society, Ltd., an association which it is hoped will very shortly be formed to

enable its members to obtain petrol at a reasonable cost. It is not likely that Admiral Sir William Kennedy, G.C.B., Charles Brawn, Esq., Sir Nevill Gunter, Bt., Morton Smart, Esq., and Howard T. Wright, Esq., M.I.M.E., are likely to concern themselves with anything, even if it be a forlorn hope, that is not wholly straightforward and above-board. The society has been formed as a mutual trading society to deal in petroleum products, and particularly to obtain for its members, both private and commercial vehicle-users, an assured and constant supply of motor-spirit and lubricants of the best quality at a reasonable price. The lines upon which the Society has been constituted are both fair and attractive, and, as an oil syndicate who have oil-wells and a modern refinery in full working order have agreed, if necessary, to supply anything up to 10,000,000 gallons of petrol during the present year, and up to 15,000,000 gallons in 1914, the society will have a drop or two to begin with. At any rate, it is making a move in the right direction.



A CURIOUS WARNING TO TRAFFIC CARRIED BY A MOTOR FIRE-ENGINE: A RED-AND-WHITE PADDLE, WHICH IS DROPPED TO LEFT OR RIGHT TO INDICATE WHICH WAY THE ENGINE IS ABOUT TO TURN.

The signal is worked, with the aid of a wheel and chain gear, by the man who rides beside the driver and also has charge of the warning-bell. If the engine is going straight ahead, the paddle is kept upright. If it is proposed to turn down a certain street, the paddle is dropped to left or right, as the case may be, as soon as the engine reaches the other end of the particular block. The system, which is in use in Baltimore, has proved of great value to the police, showing precisely where they must clear the traffic to give free passage to the firemen.—[Reproduced by Courtesy of the "Popular Mechanics Magazine."]



FITTED WITH DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES, WHICH HAVE ELIMINATED SKIDDING: A LONDON FIRE BRIGADE TENDER.

The London Fire Brigade, finding that its tenders fitted with solid tyres were given to skidding, consulted the Dunlop Rubber Company. As a result, the officials of the Fire Brigade were advised to have the wheels altered, and Dunlop detachable rims, with 895 by 135 pneumatic tyres, were fitted. The tender was then run for six months, and Mr. Dyer, the Assistant Chief of the Brigade, has informed the Dunlop Company that both rims and tyres have given complete satisfaction, and that the skidding which caused so much trouble has been eliminated. The L.F.B. motor tenders, which often travel at thirty miles an hour, and may carry as many as six men with appliances, are used for emergencies, and are sent off first to get the hand-hose working before the arrival of engines.

### Continentials at Edinburgh.

The Continental detachable rim will assuredly form one of the features of the Edinburgh Show, as it did at Olympia, by reason of its extraordinary simplicity. It is made in one piece, thus doing away with the separate binding flange, and all that is necessary for its removal is to unscrew five nuts and slide the rim from the wheel. The attachment is made in an equally simple manner. The manipulation of the rim will be demonstrated frequently upon the stand. In addition, visitors will be able to examine the Continental twin-tyre for heavy touring-cars, and, having regard to the extraordinary gain in economy and comfort by the use of twin-tyres on heavy cars with enclosed bodies, it is remarkable that they have not a bigger vogue on this side of the Channel. The Continental driving-glove will assuredly attract motorists, for it is absolutely waterproof, has leather palms, and is warmly lined with fleece or fur. Only those who know the misery of driving for a long period in sopped gloves can fully appreciate the qualities of these hand-protectors.

## FROM TWINS TO APPENDICITIS: EXTRAORDINARY "RISKS" AT LLOYD'S.

THE old *Lutine* bell at Lloyd's never tolled to a more gratified audience than when she sounded for silence last week in connection with the steamship *Snowdon Range*. Men's hearts stopped beating at the first stroke of the bell-hammer, for one means the loss of a ship; they leapt joyously at the second detonation, for two means the arrival of a vessel overdue. Taking all in all, that old bit of metal at Lloyd's speaks the most solemn tones in the world. When she uttered her portentous monosyllable last March, it meant that the *Oceana* was down with all her bullion. The underwriters went straightway to work, and within four-and-twenty hours had handed over the sum of £750,000 to the Bank of England, to make good the loss, and enable Threadneedle Street to despatch a duplicate golden cargo by the very next boat leaving for Bombay.

At the Bottom of the Zuyder Zee.

The *Lutine's* bell speaks the issue of many a freakish emprise. She herself

is a relic of such an one, for she comes from the bowels of the sea-steeped frigate *Lutine*, which, captured from the French, became a British vessel of war. In 1799, when laden with treasure worth upwards of a million sterling, she went down in the Zuyder Zee, with only a single member of her crew surviving to tell the story of the loss to British capitalists. Successive generations of divers plied their art in redeeming her cargo, but they got back little over £100,000, and the rest remains for the fishes and the mermaids. But the bell of the old ship was recovered, more than half-a-century after the loss, and, presented to Lloyd's, has ever since been the tocsin of that institution, to ring a knell for a departed ship, to fling a welcome to some battered wanderer returned.

The "Snowdon Range" Coup. It was good news, then, that she rang last week, for the underwriters were fairly deeply committed. The total value of the *Snowdon Range* was but £90,000—she was nothing like an *Oceana* venture—but the long-drawn struggle of the vessel against unprecedentedly adverse gales had stimulated a host of inquiries of those who were anxious, in the way of re-insurance, to back their judgment against fate. Up to a point, the men of Lloyd's were ready enough, but as the gale strengthened, so the price strengthened, from the Lloyd's point of view; and before the books were closed and the ship written off a dead loss, £85 per cent. was offered and taken until Lloyd's would have no more. The homecoming of the ship represents a clear gain to the underwriters, who must divide quite a comfortable fortune among them.

Deals with Kings or Clowns.

The whole course of the nation's business is represented in the doings of the men who frequent the suite of rooms over the Royal Exchange. They insure everything. They have on their books

thousands of people with whom they lay odds against having to undergo an operation for appendicitis; there are blushing damsels promised indemnification against the disappointments of spinsterhood; there are anxious fathers insured solatium—or joy-money—in the event of their spouses presenting them with twins. In the present writer's home there is an article practically valueless to anyone but himself, which for years past has been representing five-and-twenty shillings a year to brokers at Lloyd's, who, in the case of mishap to the article in question, are pledged to hand over one thousand pounds. Lloyd's will have a deal with a king or with a clown. They will insure his throne and crown and the succession of his dynasty for the first; they will insure the second in regard to his punctual arrival at town after town, hall after hall, in time to give his show; and they will insure his "benefit" up to any reasonable amount for which he is willing to pay.

Against Earthquake in Oxford Street.

The West Indies insure themselves,

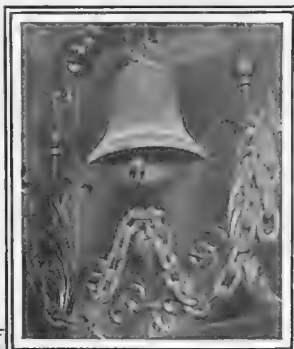
with official sanction, at Lloyd's, against earthquake, hurricane, cyclone, and tidal wave. So a punter insures against the risk of some horse, upon which he has a stake, not going to the post to run its race. A farmer insures against rain-ruined crops; the vicar and churchwardens, as in the case of those of Coppenhall, near Crewe, insure their building and their collections. Here the sum involved was £14,000, to cover not only possible disaster to the building, but the loss of a year's almsgiving. The slight earthquake at Folkestone of the other week stimulated inquiries upon the subject at Lloyd's, who do quite a comfortable business in this line with English clients. Five years ago a leading firm in Oxford Street took out an earthquake policy for a quarter of a million at 9d. per cent., while in the following week an estate in North Wales was insured in respect of a similar risk for £100,000 at double the Oxford Street premium.

Against Coffins Misdelivered.

Singers insure their voices; Paderevski, for £2000, and Kubelik for a still larger sum, insure their right arms; authors take out policies in respect of the success of their books, playwrights in respect of their plays, composers their songs, artists the acceptance of their pictures by Salon or Academy. There is practically no limit to the imagination of Lloyd's. Consideration was extended the other month to the request of an undertaker in one of

the poorer parts of London, who inquired at what price they would relieve him of any liability for shocks caused to private individuals by his coffins being taken to the wrong houses at night. The brokers in question merely asked the amount of turnover, the number of shocks known to have been given and their severity—then proceeded to business.

THE TREASURE-SHIP BELL WHICH IS RUNG AT LLOYD'S TO ANNOUNCE LOSSES AND NEWS OF OVERDUE SHIPS: THE FAMOUS "LUTINE" BELL.



BAD NEWS? RINGING THE "LUTINE'S" BELL AT LLOYD'S.

On the night of Oct. 9, 1799, the "Lutine," a 32-gun frigate of the British Navy, was lost off one of the entrances to the Zuyder Zee, with a cargo of coin and specie valued at £1,217,000. Since that time £100,824 of this sum has been recovered, the bulk of it in 1800. Some two years ago the wreck was located again, and operations began soon after in an attempt to pump the sand from it in search for gold. In 1858 an expedition recovered the ship's bell, part of the rudder, and some coins. Eventually the bell found its way to the Committee Room at Lloyd's, and later it was set in its present position on the screen at the entry to the underwriters' room. It is sounded by the "caller" at Lloyd's whenever news is received of an overdue ship, and when definite news comes of the loss of a ship. At its tolling, all transactions are suspended until the purport of the message it has heralded is known.

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**The Transfiguration of the Aunt.**

There still remain, here and there, and especially in country places, specimens of the unmarried Aunts who used to make the joy of comic papers and facetious books. These poor ladies—unless, indeed, they were wealthy, and even then they were the proper butts for everyone's ridicule—led obscure and joyless lives in the background of their relatives' homes. Unless they were women of extraordinary enterprise and strong character, they existed as barnacles clinging to the family ship, making, to be sure, the same voyage, yet without the enjoyment of adventure. You perceive them—poor, negative shades—hovering behind the young ones in all of Tourgenieff's masterpieces, so that the type exists in Russia just as much as in this island. In Russian novels, however, the Aunt is not made the object of ridicule, as is the English habit. An atmosphere of pathos surrounds her, and, as in "The House of Gentlefolk," she may be one of the most lovable figures in the book. But the result of ridiculing the Aunt in Anglo-Saxon countries has been to make that lady reconsider her position and to take her own line. Unlike the famous spinster in "Great Expectations," she does not nowadays sit waiting, in a faded bridal gown, for a lover who is dead or who has jilted her. The modern spinster is much more likely to set out for the Great Sahara or for Labrador, to start a political movement, or to go and play at painting in Paris. She may have enjoyed, under the old régime, a kind of molly-coddled but effaced existence, but now, at any rate, she is more apt to be at grips with Life, and is, in consequence, a more interesting and understanding person. Often enough it is the spinster Aunt, once the object of good-natured contempt, who is the celebrity of the family. She may have journeyed alone across Africa, learned to fly, or written a famous novel, while her sister, married and mother of many, spends her life obscurely in anxiety and care.

**"The Happy Fannies."**

Watching at the Coliseum the other night that droll and engaging singer who calls herself, with god-like audacity, "Happy Fanny Fields," I could not help pondering on the fact that the Americans are more altruistic than we are, for they will never hesitate to make themselves look ridiculous in order to please or to rouse one's laughter. This young lady, for instance, turns in her toes, wears ugly shoes, and twists her pretty person in a singular fashion—all with the object of raising your spirits. The Parisian comic lady of the café-chantant is altogether too strident and sinister a figure to arouse in the fastidious anything but distaste, for she is never really gay, and may be more than a little intimidating. The English "comic lionesses" have talent and charm, but they, too, are intent on looking their best and bravest. Moreover, you seldom see a beautiful young person who will consent to make herself look absurd. Yet in New York nothing struck me more than this high sense of fun in the feminine part of the variety stage. There, "Happy Fannies" are

by no means the exception. The amazing mixture of nationalities in the Empire City is probably one of the reasons why these droll feminine mimes enjoy such favour. They begin by talking imitation Dutch, or Yiddish, or Italian, with appropriate gestures, find that it pays, and develop into world-famous artistes by the simple expedient of not minding how they look.

**Turning Out the Mind.**

-I think it was Matthew Arnold who suggested that it was imperative occasionally to look over and criticise our intellectual outlook, and that in no other thing does man show himself so unwilling to change his habits. There are loads of worthy citizens who are born to

certain emotions and prejudices just as the sparks fly upward. Impossible to oust them from the comfortable chimney-corner at which they warm their somewhat primitive ideas. They do not think—they read the paper; they do not talk so much as emit *clichés* which have been at the back of their brains so long as to have become dusty, old-fashioned, and unfit for use. But to suggest to such a person that his mind was cobwebbed, and wanted, like a lumber-room, periodically "turning out," so that the place could be garnished and the rubbish given to the dustman, would be to offend him in his most intimate susceptibilities. The much-abused politician who turns his coat is only acting in the most approved hygienic manner, while the lady who elopes at the eleventh hour with someone else, leaving the bridegroom "planted there," might urge as an excuse that she had had a mental spring-cleaning. Yet, without going so far, we might well occasionally turn over the vague, rusty ideas which we keep at the back of our minds, in order to see whether they might not be made bright and fit for use, or, if they are worthless, be discarded altogether.



IN LAVENDER, BLUE, AND BLACK: THREE GRACEFUL EVENING GOWNS.

The left-hand gown is of lavender chiffon over a shot-blue-and-red satin under-dress. The floss silk embroidery on the tunic, edge of skirt, and bodice, is carried out in red, blue, and green, to coincide with the shot effect. The centre gown, in electric-blue satin, has a square train with a second pointed train over it, formed of tarnished-gold sequins on a smoke-coloured chiffon tunic. The bodice is made entirely of old Alençon lace, with a high square belt and bands on the sleeves to match the trimming of the skirt. On the right is a heavily jetted tunic ending in a long pointed train, and opening in the front over a white satin underskirt, hemmed with black velvet. The black Chantilly bodice over pink satin has white tulle sleeves tied in above the elbow with black-velvet bands and bows.

**Walking into Health.**

We are told, by wise medicine-men, that we Londoners do not walk enough, and that one good result of the taxi-cab strike is that we shall quickly acquire the desirable habit of progressing on our two feet instead of in a motor-vehicle. Before carriages were invented, or public conveyances—except for long journeys—dreamed of, people must have walked a good deal, and been all the better for it. It is the turmoil and hurry-skurry of modern life in great towns which is responsible for our dislike to walking, for even the poorest will not go on foot if they can get a cheap ride to their destination. So, nowadays, the proletariat uses the bicycle; the well-to-do, motor-cars; and all classes, at a pinch, the Tube and motor-bus. This habit, if persevered in for one or two generations, would result in atrophy of the feet. Our descendants, like the Russian fine ladies described in Lady Lyttelton's *Memoirs*, will have to be helped upstairs by two footmen, one at each elbow. It is a parlous state of affairs, and the sooner we take to our feet again the better for our sanity and health.

HONG KONG, CHINA.

CALCUTTA, INDIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

TRANSVAAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

IDAHO, UNITED STATES.

GIBRALTAR, SPAIN.

CAIRO, EGYPT.

ONTARIO, CANADA.

MONTserrat, WEST INDIES.

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

NIGEL, SOUTH AFRICA.

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8 Solid Well-made Bedroom Suites, with Wardrobe, &c., complete	at	£	s.	d.	Exceptionally Fine Collection of Valuable Black Oak Dining Room Furniture, elaborately carved with Figures, Fruit, Flowers, &c., comprising Nine-piece Leather-covered Suite	at	1	10	0
8 Single size Oak Bedsteads, complete	at	3	17	6	Sideboard to match, originally costing 50 guineas	at	18	18	0
6 Well-made Solid Oak Bedroom Suites, complete	at	0	15	0	Dinner Wagon to match ditto	at	18	18	0
6 Large Single Bedsteads to match	at	4	17	6	Dining Table, with Extra Leaves to match	at	8	8	0
4 Well-made Solid Walnut Bedroom Suites, complete	at	1	2	0	Magnificently Carved Grandfather Clock to match	at	10	10	0
4 Splendid Full-size Black and Brass Mounted Bedsteads, complete with Bedding (unsold)	at	2	17	6	And many other items too numerous to mention here.	at	18	10	0
3 Very Handsome Design White Enamel Bedroom Suites, of Louis XIV. style	at	7	15	0	DRAWING ROOM and ANTE ROOMS.				
3 White Enamel Bedsteads to match	at	1	15	0	Very Elegant Design Large Axminster Bordered Carpet, about 11 ft 6 in. wide and 15 ft. long	at	£	s.	d.
4 Well-made Large Solid Oak Bedroom Suites	at	6	15	0	Natural Shape Brown Bear, mounted as Rug (shot by owner)	at	8	15	0
4 Solid Oak Full-size Bedsteads to match, with patent Wire Spring Mattress, complete	at	2	10	0	Elegant Natural Shape White Polar Bear, mounted as Rug (shot by owner)	at	2	15	0
4 Very Artistic Sheraton Design Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suites	at	7	15	0	The Costly Chesterfield Silk Suite, a Design rarely seen, very magnificent	at	9	15	0
2 Pair of 3 ft. Sheraton Design Inlaid Mahogany Bedsteads to match	at	2	5	0	4 Gilt Louis XIV. Cane Seat Occasional Chairs	at	27	10	0
2 Artistic Large Solid Walnut Bedroom Suites	at	9	15	0	Very Elaborate Louis XIV. Style Canine, about 8 ft. 6 in. high, a perfect work of art (worth over treble)	at	1	7	6
3 Massive Polished Brass and Black Bedsteads, with Fine Quality Spring Mattress	at	3	17	6	The Overmantel Fitting to match	at	16	16	0
2 Fine Old English Gent's Wardrobes, fitted Sliding Trays and Drawers	at	7	15	0	The Choice Centre Table to match	at	4	4	0
2 Solid Oak ditto	at	5	15	0	Medieval Model Upright Grand Piano, by Stanley Brinsford, with every possible up-to-date improvement, scarcely soiled, a grand instrument	at	3	15	0
2 Large Spanish Mahogany Wardrobe, fitted with Drawers, Trays, &c.	at	9	15	0	Very Fine Cabinet Ottoman Seat to match	at	18	18	0
2 Solid Oak Chests of Drawers to match	at	2	5	0	Piano, fitted Bevelled Plate-Glass Front and covered rich Brocade Silk	at	2	10	0
2 Exceptionally Well-made Bedroom Suites in Solid American Walnut	at	12	10	0	The Polished All-Brass Fender Suite, comprising Choice Design Fender with Fire-Dogs, set Heavy Fire Implements and Stop	at	2	10	0
2 Very Elegant Bedroom Suites, with 6 ft. 6 in. Wardrobes	at	14	14	0	Fire Screen, Polished Brass, uncommon design	at	1	15	0
2 Very Handsome Bedsteads to match	at	3	3	0	All Polished Brass Coal Receptacle and Coal Pincers	at	0	12	0
2 Very Choice Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite	at	11	15	0	Pair Handsome Gilt Florentine Frame Mirrors, fitted with Bevelled Plates, at Pair Gilt Frame Girandoles, with Arms for Candles	at	0	12	0
2 Elaborate all Brass Sheraton Style Bedsteads, with Superior Spring Mattress and Bedding, complete	at	4	10	0	The Satin Wood Decorated China Cabinet, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, very beautiful design	at	14	14	0
2 Choice Chippendale Design Bedroom Suite	at	12	12	0	Satin Wood Decorated Centre Table	at	2	15	6
2 Chippendale Design Bedstead to match Queen Anne Design Solid Mahogany Bedroom Suite	at	5	15	0	Satin Wood Decorated Overmantel to match	at	3	15	0
2 Bedsteads, with 6 ft. 6 in. Wardrobes	at	3	5	0	The Costly Satin Wood Decorated Suite, comprising very original design Settee, 2 Square Easy Chairs, and 4 Occasional, all finely spring upholstered and covered choice brocade Gobelin blue silk	at	14	14	0
2 Very Fine all Brass Bedstead, fitted Superior Spring Mattress	at	5	10	0	Satin Wood Decorated French Time-piece	at	2	2	0
2 Very Handsome Chippendale Design Mahogany Bedroom Suite	at	35	0	0	Costly Louis XV. Design All Brass Fender Suite, comprising magnificent chased Curb, with elaborately chased standard supports, set of Implements to match with Centre Stop, and a very fine Folding Screen, en suite, complete	at	8	15	0
2 Very Fine all Brass Bedstead, fitted Superior Spring Mattress	at	10	10	0	Pair of Louis XV. Carved and Gilt Settees, elegantly carved and upholstered with covering of Parisian Broché Silk	at	9	9	0
2 Very Handsome Chippendale Design Mahogany Bedroom Suite	at	65	0	0	Pair of Louis XV. carved and Gilt Fauteuils to match	at	4	10	0
2 Very Fine all Brass Bedstead, fitted Superior Spring Mattress	at	18	18	0	Pair of Companion ditto	at	4	10	0
2 Very Handsome Chippendale Design Mahogany Bedroom Suite	at	145	0	0	6 Louis XV. Occasional Chairs to match	at	2	5	0
2 Very Fine all Brass Bedstead to match	at	15	0	0	2 Louis XV. Gilt Bergere Chairs, carved with foliage and splendidly upholstered in Broché Silk and gold tissue	at	12	12	0
DINING ROOMS, SMOKING ROOMS, & LIBRARIES.									
Fine Quality Real Turkey Carpet, about 9 ft. 6 in. by 12 ft. 6 in.	at	£	s.	d.					
Massive Carved Oak Sideboard	at	5	10	0					
Overmantel Fitting to match	at	2	17	6					
2 Elegant Carved Arm Chairs and 4 Small ditto to match	at	7	7	0					
Set of 6 Small and 2 Arm Chairs of Maplewhite Design, exquisitely Carved	at	18	18	0					
Imp. White Design Sideboard	at	10	10	0					
Imp. Dining Table, extending	at	3	15	0					
Handsome Bookcase	at	3	15	0					
Choice Dessert Service of 18 pieces, Crystal Blue and Gold	at	1	15	0					
Very Fine Grand Piano	at	25	0	0					
Very Fine Mahogany forming Cabinet, Costly Bronze and Marble Clock with Side Places	at	1	7	6					
Valuable Set of Crystal Table Glass, 30 at 100 pieces	at	4	15	0					
Turkey Pattern Axminster Pile Carpet, about 10 ft. 6 in. by 12 ft. 6 in.	at	3	17	6					
Turkey Pattern Rug to match	at	0	10	0					
Oval Extending Queen Anne Design Dining Table	at	3	4	0					
Queen Anne Set of a Carving Chairs and 6 Small ditto	at	7	15	0					
3 ft 6 in. wide Bookcase and Bureau	at	6	6	0					
Writing Desk, combined, very choice	at	12	12	0					
			Luxurious Chesterfield Settee			£	s.	d.	
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			Exceptionally Fine Collection of Valuable Black Oak Dining Room Furniture, elaborately carved with Figures, Fruit, Flowers, &c., comprising Nine-piece Leather-covered Suite			at	1	10	0
			Sideboard to match, originally costing 50 guineas			at	18	18	0
			Dinner Wagon to match ditto			at	18	18	0
			Dining Table, with Extra Leaves to match			at	8	8	0
			Magnificently Carved Grandfather Clock to match			at	10	10	0
			And many other items too numerous to mention here.			at	18	10	0
			DRAWING ROOM and ANTE ROOMS.						
			Very Elegant Design Large Axminster Bordered Carpet, about 11 ft 6 in. wide and 15 ft. long			at	£	s.	d.
			Natural Shape Brown Bear, mounted as Rug (shot by owner)			at	8	15	0
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			The Costly Chesterfield Silk Suite, a Design rarely seen, very magnificent			at	9	15	0
			4 Gilt Louis XIV. Cane Seat Occasional Chairs			at	27	10	0
			Very Elaborate Louis XIV. Style Canine, about 8 ft. 6 in. high, a perfect work of art (worth over treble)			at	1	7	6
			The Overmantel Fitting to match			at	16	16	0
			The Choice Centre Table to match			at	4	4	0
			Medieval Model Upright Grand Piano, by Stanley Brinsford, with every possible up-to-date improvement, scarcely soiled, a grand instrument			at	3	15	0
			Very Fine Cabinet Ottoman Seat to match			at	18	18	0
			Piano, fitted Bevelled Plate-Glass Front and covered rich Brocade Silk			at	2	10	0
			The Polished All-Brass Fender Suite, comprising Choice Design Fender with Fire-Dogs, set Heavy Fire Implements and Stop			at	2	10	0
			Fire Screen, Polished Brass, uncommon design			at	1	15	0
			All Polished Brass Coal Receptacle and Coal Pincers			at	0	12	0
			Pair Handsome Gilt Florentine Frame Mirrors, fitted with Bevelled Plates, at Pair Gilt Frame Girandoles, with Arms for Candles			at	0	12	0
			The Satin Wood Decorated China Cabinet, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, very beautiful design			at	14	14	0
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			The Costly Satin Wood Decorated Suite, comprising very original design Settee, 2 Square Easy Chairs, and 4 Occasional, all finely spring upholstered and covered choice brocade Gobelin blue silk			at	14	14	0
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			Costly Louis XV. Design All Brass Fender Suite, comprising magnificent chased Curb, with elaborately chased standard supports, set of Implements to match with Centre Stop, and a very fine Folding Screen, en suite, complete			at	8	15	0
			Pair of Louis XV. Carved and Gilt Settees, elegantly carved and upholstered with covering of Parisian Broché Silk			at	9	9	0
			Pair of Louis XV. carved and Gilt Fauteuils to match			at	4	10	0
			Pair of Companion ditto			at	4	10	0
			6 Louis XV. Occasional Chairs to match			at	2	5	0
			2 Louis XV. Gilt Bergere Chairs, carved with foliage and splendidly upholstered in Broché Silk and gold tissue			at	12	12	0
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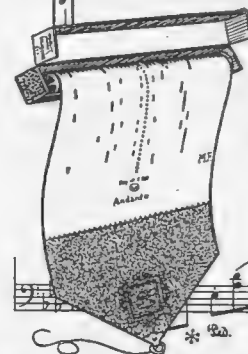
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## CITY NOTES.

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## POINTS OF INTEREST.

THE excellent start made by the markets at the beginning of the year has not, unfortunately, been followed by equally satisfactory conditions. Fears of a renewal of hostilities in the Balkans have been a restraining influence which has been felt especially in the gilt-edged and foreign bond sections, but the movements have been comparatively unimportant.

A long list of declines is shown by prices in the Home Railway Market, owing to less optimistic feeling as to the coming dividends. The Great Eastern announcement was poor, but had been fully discounted beforehand, and so had little effect. This Company had exceptional difficulties with which to contend owing to the floods in the Norwich district, which not only reduced the crop to be carried, but also did immense damage to the Company's property. £27,000 is taken from the Contingent fund, but even then the dividend is reduced from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. per annum. From the report it is clear that working costs have been very much higher—nearly £180,000, in fact—and it is to be hoped that the other lines will do better than this.

Mines make a poor showing, and the weakness of Copper shares has been most pronounced. Considerable disappointment was felt over the American statistics, and the price of the metal has consequently reacted. The position should be carefully watched.

The most sensational feature of the week, however, was the fall of some 35 points in National Telephone Deferred on the decision of the amount to be paid for this undertaking. Something between fourteen and fifteen millions was generally expected, while the actual amount awarded was just over twelve and a half millions. It now looks as though the fall has been rather overdone, although the question whether the Third Preference are entitled to share in the surplus is still undecided, and it is said that the Government propose to appeal on certain points of law.

## MINIMUM COMMISSIONS.

The long-expected alterations to the scale of commissions which came into force last spring have now made their appearance, and will come up for ratification by the Committee on Feb. 12.

We do not propose to discuss the question as to whether they go far enough, but undoubtedly the amendments are in the right direction. On the low-priced shares the present rates of commission are undoubtedly very heavy, and from the public point of view the chief interest centres round the alteration in the rates on such shares.

The minimum commission will, in future, be  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. instead of 3d. per share on shares quoted between 10s. and 15s., and 3d. instead of  $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. between £1 and £2. The commission on Railway Ordinary and Deferred stocks standing below £25—as, for instance, Little Chathams—is to be reduced, but upon stocks quoted over 150, the minimum rate is increased. Higher rates will also come into force on American railway shares standing over 200, and on other bearer securities which have hitherto enjoyed a cheaper rate than the registered stocks.

Another important alteration—which will not, however, affect the general public—deals with certain gilt-edged stocks which are used as security by the Money Market. In such transactions, when the amount is £20,000 or more, there is to be no minimum commission, and brokers will be able to make what arrangement they may think fit.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

The interest in the San Paulo Railway position continues as keen as ever, and the rumours that negotiations have broken down between this Company and the Farquhar Group are becoming more and more circumstantial, and it is now stated that an arrangement with the Brazilian Government is in the air. Anyhow, there are buyers about on every reaction, and it looks as though the price is going higher.

The decision of the National Telephone case throws a strong light upon the question of reserve funds, and the necessity for such funds to be invested outside the business if they are to be of any real value at all. In this particular case there was a reserve fund of over four millions, but it has all gone in depreciated stock.

For some time past there has been very considerable uneasiness over the position of the Mexican North Western bondholders, and the fall has been particularly severe during the last few days. It is now stated that the bond-interest falling due in March will be met by means of an issue of prior lien bonds. This would, of course, improve the present outlook; but we view the future with considerable misgiving. The disorder of the country does not seem to abate, and it is just possible that the United States may interfere and try to put things right. If they should do so, the eventual result may be certain, but for a while there would be chaos.

## THE BOOT AND SHOE TRADE.

The maiden Report of J. Sears and Co. (True Form Boot Company), Ltd., makes a very good showing, and states that the profits, after charging depreciation and all other working expenses, including managing-directors' salaries, amount to £56,229, which is considerably more than the figures given as the profits for 1911, in the prospectus issued last February. After placing £15,300 to reserves, writing off preliminary expenses £6652, a dividend of 10 per cent. is declared on the Ordinary shares, which are held by the vendors. The 7 per cent. Preference shares, of which £175,000 were offered to the public at par, seem, in face of these figures, to be well secured, as their dividend absorbs only £12,250, and we look upon them as a very reasonable Industrial holding.

There is no doubt that the present trade activity has benefited the boot and shoe trade very appreciably: Freeman, Hardy and Willis, the well-known Leicester Company, did exceedingly well, as the net profits amounted to £73,310, against £65,097 for 1911, and  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is paid on the Ordinary shares, which stand at 41s. 6d.; making the yield nearly  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. As this rate of dividend has been distributed without a break for the last twenty-two years, and the item of goodwill does not appear in the balance-sheet, the shares look attractive.

## SOUTHERN ALBERTA LAND COMPANY.

The damage done by floods to this Company's irrigation works seems to have been considerably worse than had been thought, and the circular issued last week embodying Mr. Taylor's Report has caused a very sharp drop in the shares. It has now been estimated that it will take two years and cost something like £278,000, with an additional £200,000 for new work on lateral canals, to put things right.

It is sincerely to be hoped that this scheme will be eventually successful; but in the meantime, there is no prospect of any dividends, and, although the Company has a considerable sum in hand, a further issue of capital in some form or other does not appear to be improbable.

Last year the shares were as high as 50s., and we have a shrewd idea that a good many shares were sold to the public round about this figure.

## OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"What are Ropps and Rayfields, Mister?" asked the senior partner of the clerk, who was studying a financial paper.

"Why?" asked the latter while he turned up the required information.

"Oh, a man I know told me they were the pick of that market, so I thought I'd sell my Tin Areas and buy some."

At this point a little chap they called Harry butted in with the information that Tin Areas were going in for trading.

"I don't suppose they'll like the competition of the Niger Company," murmured the senior partner; "and I'd rather hold Niger Company's shares than any of the Nigerian Mining shares."

"I believe you're right," said Harry; "all their boats and everything else are written down to their value for old iron, and they're doing jolly well."

Then the telephone bell rang, and the senior partner seized the instrument. "Hullo; is that Arthur? Yes; 5-8 bid are they? Much obliged to you, Arthur. Are you there? What can you get for my Tin Areas? All right, sell them."

This conversation appeared to interest the still-more-senior partner, who had not yet spoken. He ceased whistling and demanded what it was all about; but when they told him he declared he never gambled.

"Aren't you going to buy any Ropps?" asked the clerk.

"No, Mister, I've changed my mind. If I buy anything I shall stick to Shells; Arthur says they're 5-8 bid, and I always make money in them."

"Still, some of these Nigerian things are doing all right," insisted Harry; and he rattled off the outputs of half-a-dozen companies. He must have a lot of spare time to be able to learn it all.

At this moment the still-more-senior partner created a diversion by putting on his hat and tripping over the wire from the portable telephone. "I'll be back for signing," he said, and made his way to the door, still whistling.

Then somebody noticed that I was waiting, and so I heard no more. They seemed a funny lot, but I believe they are right about Niger shares and Shells.

Saturday, Jan. 18, 1913.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,

The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

W. B.—Of the two we prefer the Telephone bond, and suggest substituting Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Twenty Year Bonds for the other one.

F. L. R. (Kimberley).—Many thanks for your interesting letter, which we hope to use. The paragraph to which you refer, however, was an advertisement.

NAT.—(1) We never even attempt to recommend shares "for a quick profit." (2) One of the Investment Companies' Deferred stock should suit.



**£1000 INSURANCE.** See Cover 3.

## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with the De Rothschild-Pinto Engagement; A "Kill that Fly" Scene; Kings and Queens of Catdom; Revellers at the Savoy; Miss Evelyn D'Alroy in "Turandot, Princess of China"; Masked for the Last Day; "Turandot, Princess of China," at the St. James's; Miss Maria Tempest; Michaelis—Le Grand; "The Last Act" by Kay Nielsen; "Der Rosenkavalier"; Three Arts Ball Dresses.



Splendour of Tone; a Touch delicate, sympathetic, and responding instantly to the mood of the pianist; beauty of appearance, magnificence of style — these are the outstanding features that endear the "Brinsmead" to true musicians all the world over . . . and the Durability is a *sine-quâ-non*.

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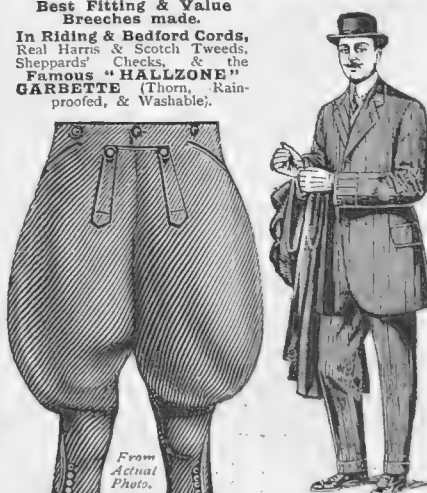
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Photo. Ellis & Walery.

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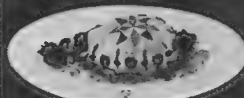
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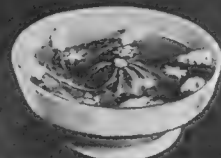


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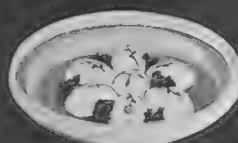
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## EARLY MOTOR-CAR TYPES

### No. 8.—The Mors touring car.

Perhaps the most noteworthy fact of the motoring history of the year 1899 was the awakening of the police to the fact that the baiting of motorists was a sure and easy source of revenue to county funds. This may seem to have little connection with the evolution of the motor-car; nevertheless, the two are closely allied. For it was their rapid growth in number, and their increased speed, that drew upon their owners the attention of the constabulary, and led the pioneers of the industry into the courts to face the vindictiveness of a horsey magistracy. The last of this series of types pictured a touring car, and no excuse is proffered for showing a car designed for a similar purpose this week. But in this, an early Mors, a distinct improvement is to be noted, namely, the addition of a canopy. This, it must be understood, was reckoned a Sybaritic luxury fourteen years ago. The Mors also earned considerable fame as a racing car. In the Paris-St. Malo race of 1899 a Mors was first, covering the 226 miles in 7 hrs. 32 mins. It must have been rather a terrible monster. When the motor was set going it was said to emit a roar very much like the bass vibrating roar of a tiger, and the English onlookers, more used to the docile ways of our island cars, took to their heels and ran.

Evolution, also, was making itself in the tyre world. It was in 1899 that the Dunlop Company introduced the corrugated tyre for cars, the Dunlop grooved tyre of to-day being the present example. It was generally thought at the time that the smooth tyre was all-sufficient, but the general adoption of grooved tyres, or tyres of a somewhat similar type, shows that the Dunlop idea was right.

Why it was, and why the Dunlop method of transverse grooving is superior to circumferential grooving, is gone into at length in the Dunlop Tyre Manual for 1913.

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**FIRST IN 1888 • FOREMOST EVER SINCE.**

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*We love them best, the good old songs, all stained by time and yellow;  
And so it is with whisky——mature and rich and mellow.*

*Johnnie Walker "White Label" is 6 years old. "Red Label" is 10 years old.  
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"As a result of six years' concentration on one chassis, the 15 h.p. Straker-Squire has earned its place amongst the world's best Fifteens."

*ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, November 2, 1912.*

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*THE SKETCH, November 6, 1912.*

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*THE BYSTANDER, November 6, 1912.*

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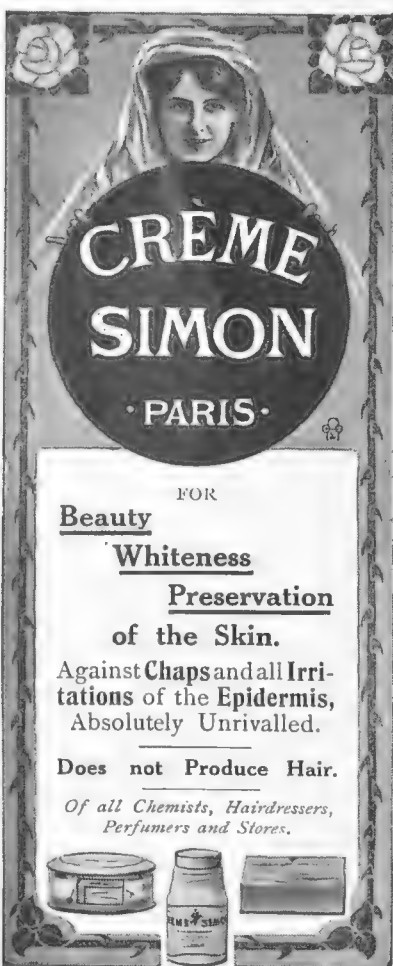
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However perfect an animal may be, it is not considered suitable for perpetuating its species unless its parents for generations have an unblemished record.

It is, almost without exception, only those animals which have been carefully bred through numerous generations that are able to prove their superiority over others.

In the case of Horticultural subjects the same extreme care and attention to the most minute details of breeding are essential, and the analogy between the animal and vegetable with regard to pedigree breeding is very much closer than is generally recognised. Stocks of choice garden peas require the same principles of pedigree breeding as racehorses and homing pigeons.

It is difficult to write of the many interesting phases of breeding and selecting Pedigree Tested Seeds, but a visit at this season to the commodious premises of Messrs. Carter, at Raynes Park, will quickly convince one of the necessity and importance of the scientific and practical methods upon which the world-wide reputation of Carter's Tested Seeds has been built up. A visit also in the summer months will prove of great interest when the trials are in full growth.

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"Not the slightest trace of sore muscles left!

"I found you had

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At last the secret has been revealed, and the lady specialist who worked these apparent miracles, and who is privately known to so many Royal ladies and other beautiful women throughout Europe, and who so successfully practised her original treatment on them that failure was unknown in any single case, is Mrs. Hemming, who is now prepared to give similar advice and treatment to any ladies desiring to benefit by it.

"The whole basis of the treatment is founded on scientific knowledge, and Mrs. Hemming has handed down to posterity women famed for youthful, natural beauty."

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Breatheable Medicine  
FOR COUGHS,  
COLDS & BRONCHITIS -

# PEPS

The Silver-Jacketed Tablets.



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The effect of Mountain Air, of Wind and Sun and Snow, upon the Complexion.

HOME again—feeling younger, *looking* older. The health-giving, exhilarating air which set the blood tingling in your veins proved too strong for a complexion nurtured in England. The sun, the wind, the snow, pleasant though they seemed at the time, levied heavy toll upon the skin.

Not every woman has returned with a ruined complexion. Some went to Switzerland equipped with the special Pomeroy Preparations for preventing this condition. They have come back the picture of radiant health, not only feeling younger, but *looking* younger.

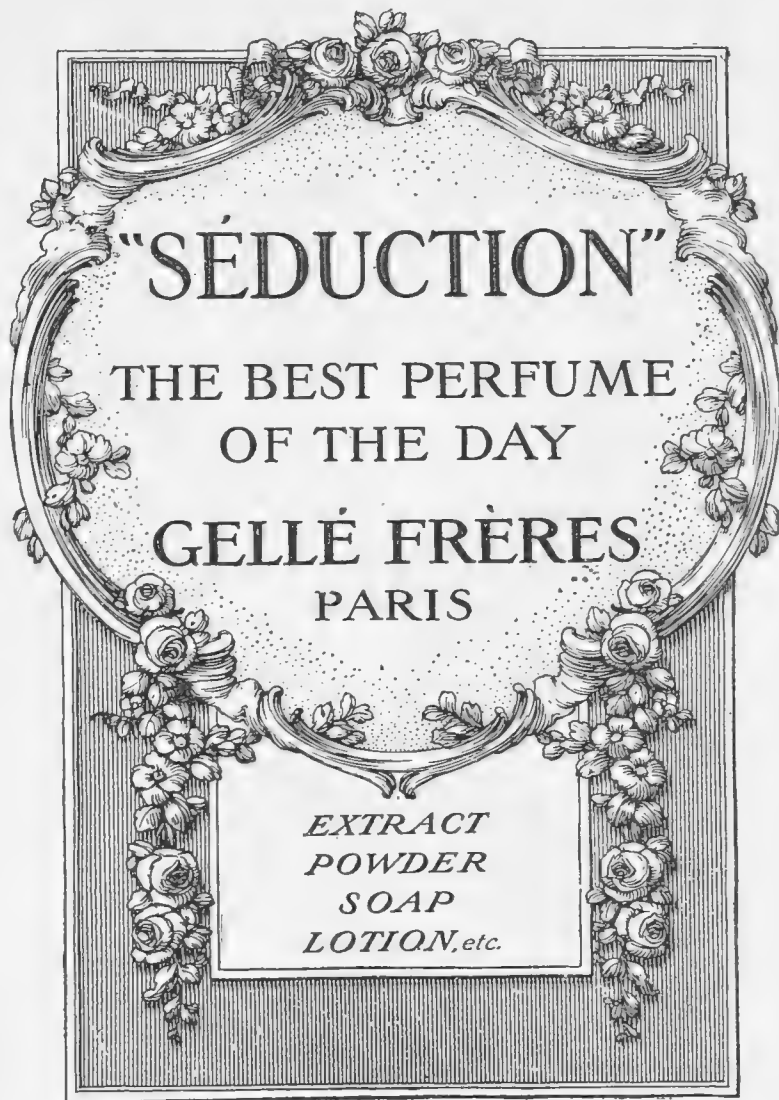
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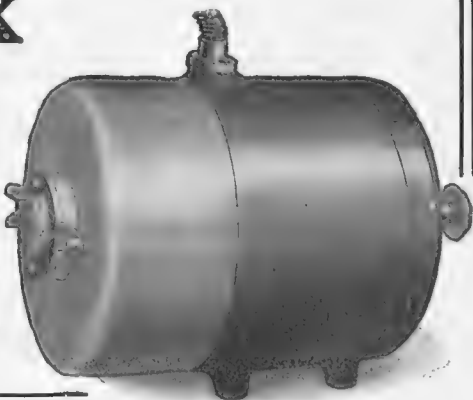
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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Night of Temptation."

By VICTORIA CROSS.  
(Werner Laurie.)

Had Regina Marlow, who is the heroine of Miss Cross's latest novel, flourished at an earlier stage of the world's history, there would undoubtedly have been trouble on Olympus. No self-respecting goddess could have permitted such maidenly claims to worship to go unmolested. A glamour gilded her first beginnings, for "some really golden moments in Mrs. Marlow's life, in which the Rector had no part—being away on one of his business visits to town—accounted for Regina. She was the child of love and passion, as the others were of distaste and dislike, for Mrs. Marlow entertained for her husband that solid distaste and dislike which is the basis of most marital relations." Any sympathy which may be set up with the Rector on these grounds is speedily destroyed by his dealings with Regina's paintings. They were all marvellous renderings of Nature's triumphs in tone or colour. Sunsets or dawns were revealed there in their idealised, sublimated form; a challenging originality and the very essence of beauty belonged to each. Regina dashed them off between intervals of reading Euripides in the original, for her indifferent schooling had not prevented her mastering by private study, at the age of eighteen, not only Greek and Latin, but five modern languages besides. Well, one day, the Rector found Regina's drawings lying about, and with the indecency of the respectable mind, found evil in all alike, landscapes though they were; but most particularly in an interior of Exeter Cathedral, for reasons which he details. He tore them up and placed a Bible over the fragments. Hence Regina's flight to London and to her lover, who provides her with a studio ready made for masterpieces. There ensues a history regarding one of Regina's which beats the best fishing story ever told, but its humour is too extensive for this column. The night of temptation concerns an affair in the desert with lions—a night in which Regina's courage, endurance, and skill are matched only by her sublime magnanimity. It thoroughly justifies the claim of the title-cover that Miss Cross's talent is maturing. It is even equal to providing a suitable lover for a Regina. His scheme for the decoration of their bedroom must be read to be believed. He explained that while nothing was good enough for her, he had designed it "to imitate the diamond-like radiance of her mind, and the satin whiteness of her skin." It is paying Miss Cross's talent the greatest tribute to add that, even in such a tinsel world of shoddy extravagance, she succeeds in imparting some moments of vitality to her story.

"Muddling Through."

By LADY NAPIER OF MAGDALA.  
(John Murray.)

Lady Napier's story is rich in the literary conventions of the "nice" novel. The heroine, who is a young widow with a pathetic desire to remain faithful to her brief, blissful marriage, has a pathetic voice, and sings touching Scotch ballads at effective moments to hopeless lovers. Though undeniably, almost obtrusively, a lady, she has also a gift for art which helps to sustain her in the lonely moments when she might otherwise succumb to the natural promptings of her heart or of some eligible suitor. This entails some talk upon art, and art necessarily means the Royal Academy. The thrill of the first varnishing ticket! Must it be relinquished at the door, or "stowed away in the recesses of some locked receptacle, to be taken out and gazed at and gloated over? . . . It is the fashion to abuse and sneer at the dear old Academy. Why? Perhaps it is to show the superiority affected by the donkeys who can do nothing but bray." "Time went on," as Lady Napier incontrovertibly opens a chapter, and much false sentiment went by the board, though it is too much to hope that the songs and the art followed; they doubtless went to grace the domestic hearth, "Which is it to be, Joan, my darling?" demands the ever-faithful one, "his voice hoarse with emotion, his clasp tightening on her hands. 'It must be all or nothing between you and me.' She laid her small fine head on his broad breast, on the heart that had been so true to her for so long. A sob burst from her over-charged heart. 'All,' she said in a low voice. He put his hand under her chin and raised her face. The wet eyes met his. He bent his head and kissed the sweet, tremulous lips, and his kiss was returned." Which is an Academy picture of the best, as subtle, as sincere, as typical of life as any that ever found its way from the line to the Christmas number.

"The King's Signature."

By ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW.  
(Chapman and Hall.)

Danubia is a country adjacent to Ruritania, and Ronald Rentmore, the type of handsome, capable, *désœuvré* Englishman that Anthony Hope painted so attractively. The romance of "The King's Signature" thus suggested is developed along the frank lines of melodrama. Modern comment would style the King of Danubia a "rotter"; Rentmore saved his kingdom for him by generalship and statesmanship. But the rock on which he foundered was the Queen. Sonja, the Queen, was everything that fancy has painted such super-women. An overwhelming perfection is insisted upon for every physical or mental or moral aspect of her. The King was a bad husband, and the Englishman was a good lover—result, a baby who is reared as Danubia's Crown Prince. Her baby's birth inspired the Queen

[Continued overleaf.]

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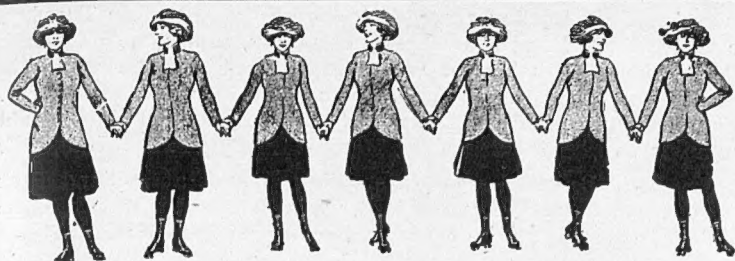
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THE CLOSE OF DAY.  
FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER COLOUR DRAWING BY THE LATE TOM BROWNE R.I.
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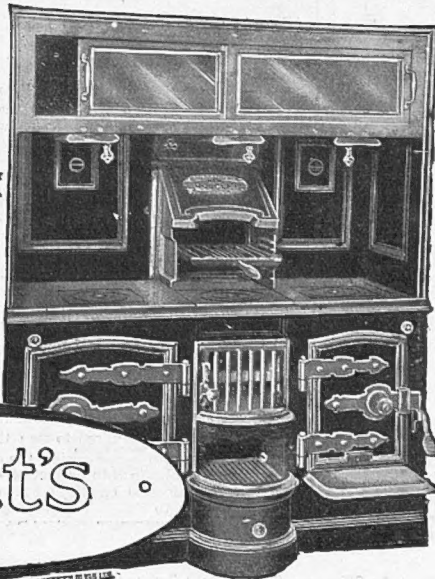
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with an access of fine morality. Her love and her lover were laid on the altar of motherhood, and the end is the youthful King's signature to a death-warrant condemning the man who was his actual father. Besides this main thread there is a highly coloured episode concerning a maid of honour, who sold her honour in Rentmore's interest and entered a convent with the traditional trumpets of passion and rejected love blowing their loudest music. Of its kind, "The King's Signature" is well done, without shades, in a blaze of brilliant adjectives, opulent and extreme.

Mr. and Mrs. James Buchanan gave a ball at their country house, Lavington Park, Petworth, on the 8th inst., in honour of the début of their only daughter, Miss Catherine Buchanan. About 350 guests were present, but owing to the death of the Duke of Abercorn, which has placed several of the county families in mourning, many of their friends were unable to attend. The beautiful new ball-room which has been recently added to Lavington House was used for the first time, and was much admired.

In this country especially, the Austro-Hungarian White Cross Society is deserving of the warmest support, for it is not forgotten that, after the South African War, many sick or wounded British officers received free treatment in the Society's various hospitals and nursing homes until their recovery. The Society's beneficent work is international in character, and offers the widest possible help to officers of all nations consistent with its resources. At present these resources are heavily called upon, for many officers wounded in the Balkan War are now receiving the Society's

hospitality. In aid of its funds, the Austro-Hungarian Reserve-Officers' Club in London arranged to give a grand ball on Tuesday, the 21st, at the Princes' Galleries, Piccadilly, under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. It is hoped that the result will augment the funds of the Austro-Hungarian White Cross Society. Those wishing to send donations to the Society at any time should communicate with the Secretary, Herr H. Lustig, Pinners' Hall, E.C.

There will be an element of sporting interest at Holland Park Rink on Thursday evening, the 23rd, when the race for the Half-Mile Amateur Championship of Great Britain will be decided. The event is promoted by the National Skating Association, of which the King is patron. A third skating carnival has been arranged for Wednesday, Jan. 29. The last one beat all previous records, and proved that, blended with dancing, as it is at Holland Park, roller-skating is again popular.

Great improvements have been effected in the manufacture of electric lamps, and the "Z" Electric Lamp Manufacturing Company, Ltd., of Orient House, New Broad Street, London, are to be congratulated on producing a lamp which relieves the householder of a burdensome excess of expense. "Z" lamps are entirely of British manufacture, and it can be confidently predicted that those who use them will enjoy an excellent light, and pay less for it. Users of the "Z" lamps find that they last longer and require less current; also that the "Z" lamps do not blacken, but retain their brilliancy. All electricians, ironmongers, and stores can supply "Z" lamps. A price list (with name of nearest agent) will be sent to any of our readers applying for one to the address given.

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